

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

WHO'S FIGHTING IN VIET NAM
A Gallery of American Combatants



Boris G. G. G. G.

AIR FORCE
PILOT RISNER

VOL. 85 NO. 17

(PUBLISHED WEEKLY)

Viceroy's got the filter for the taste that's right!

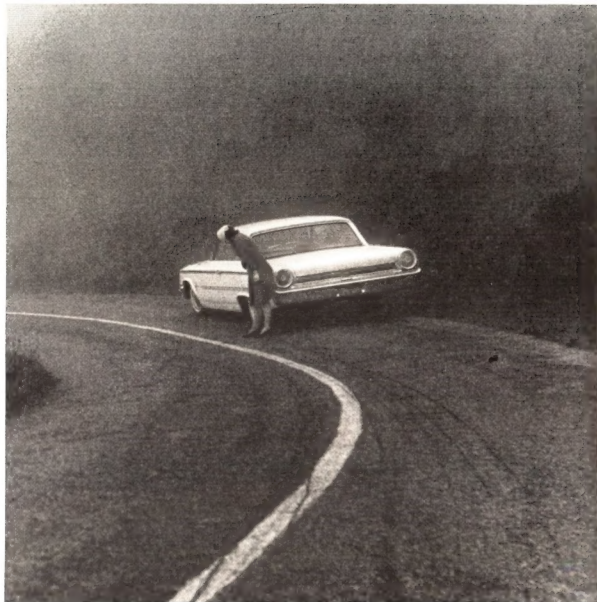


Viceroy is specifically designed to taste the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste. Not too strong ... not too light ... Viceroy's got the taste that's right!

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When there's no man around...Goodyear should be.

She'll never have to change tires with Goodyear LifeGuard Safety Spare. Stranded. Helpless. Alone. You'd help her if you were there—but you're not. Every woman should drive on Goodyear Double Eagle tires equipped with LifeGuard Safety Spares. The LifeGuard is an optional extra-safety feature that makes the Double Eagle two tires in one.



A tire within a tire. If the outside tire is ever damaged, the LifeGuard Spare takes over and lets her drive until she's safe. She keeps right on going—even after a blowout. Get Goodyear.

Double Eagle tires, equip them with LifeGuard Safety Spares and your wife will never have to worry about being stranded. It's almost as good as having a man around.

GO GO GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Double Eagle, LifeGuard, T & T
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company Akron, Ohio



There's a lot to learn about printing And one of the first things is this: It's what you print on that counts. ■ No matter how artfully you design, no matter how skillfully you select type and blend inks and feed presses, ill-chosen, pinch-penny paper can kill the job. ■ But, paper that works with the printer, paper that lies flat, feeds fast, absorbs inks without feathering, embosses and folds without breaking . . . that kind of paper can give the job life, persuasion and bed-rock, profit-making sell. ■ You get it by asking your printer. He'll tell you to ask for NEKOOSA. ■ *There's a competitive edge in every NEKOOSA paper. Profit by it.*

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NEKOOSA
PAPERS

If you wanted to get in touch with the President of the United States, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, or plain old Hunter Venable Herndon, would you know how to address him?

What do you know about the Beat Generation? (Try to answer without using the word "beard.")

Do you realize what your name means?

When should you use a comma? A semicolon? Do you remember?

"Splake." It's a Canadian word meaning—what?

If your child needed a table of chemical elements, would you have one at home?

And what about the signs of the zodiac? (You don't really depend on Madame Zorba's Celestial Guide to the Numbers, do you?)

Your child asks, "What are the phases of the moon?" Do you fake it? Or can you show him?

What does "gossamer" have to do with "Indian summer?"

Your boy may know what VTOL means. But do you?

Quickly, now. Name in order the Presidents of the United States and the succession of English monarchs.

And certainly you've never forgotten the population of Hicksville?

You could find the answers to all these questions by searching through encyclopedias and specialized reference books.

Or

You can look them all up in Funk & Wagnalls **STANDARD® COLLEGE DICTIONARY**.

It's the newest college dictionary. And the most complete. Over 150,000 entries. (That's thousands more than in any other college dictionary.)

Its Supervisory Board (and they supervised, they didn't just lend their names) is the most authoritative ever selected for a college dictionary. Albert H. Marckwardt, Ph.D., Chairman, Professor of English and Linguistics, Princeton University. Frederic G. Cassidy, Ph.D., Professor of English, University of Wisconsin. S. I. Hayakawa, Ph.D., Professor of English, San Francisco State College. James B. McMillan, Ph.D., Chairman of the Department of English, the University of Alabama.

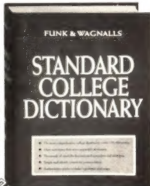
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We think we have it made. (U.S. Slang)

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FREE! For a fascinating pamphlet, "How Words Get Into The Dictionary," write "Words," Funk & Wagnalls Company, Inc., 360 Lexington Avenue, New York, 10017.



HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU SAID "I WISH I HAD MY CAMERA WITH ME"?

Somehow it never fails. The times you really want a camera are the times you always forget to bring one.

Well, what are you going to do? Carry a camera all the time? Right. Carry an Ansco Memo II® camera all the time.

You won't mind carrying this camera because you really won't have to. It's no bigger than a pack of king-size cigarettes and can be tucked away in a pocket, a purse, an attache case or an anything.

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Why "Good Guys"

Bad Guys, in an insurance company's view, are the ones who drop their policies in the first year or two. This is when the company has its greatest expense...for salesmen's commissions, medical exams, etc. Bad Guys make everybody's costs go up.

Good Guys are those who keep their policies. If everybody was a Good Guy, life insurance rates could be cut as much as half!

How to get Good Guy Rates

Provident Life, one of America's oldest and largest insurance companies, has figured out a way to let Good Guys get good rates, without helping to pay for the Bad Guys. If you're willing to guarantee with a cash deposit that you will keep your policy for 10 years, Provident can save you hundreds of dollars every year in premiums. And your deposit is returned with a full 10 years of 4% compound interest added. (For instance, if you buy \$100,000 of insurance at age 40, you deposit \$810; you get back \$1,200.)

If you want insurance protection at incredibly low rates, mail the coupon today and we'll prepare a proposal for you with no obligation.

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30	305
35	370
40	504
45	703
50	1,039

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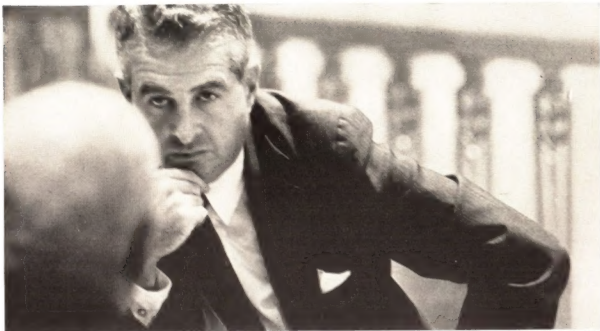
NAME _____ BIRTH DATE _____

ADDRESS _____ PHONE _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

BUSINESS _____ PHONE _____

For Pete's sake, is every officer of Central National a yes-man?



Yes!

Bob Logan doesn't look like a yes-man (notice the wrinkled forehead, the serious mouth) but looks can be deceiving.

"Yes" is one of Bob's favorite expressions.

Like many Central National Bank officers, he has no trouble placing himself on the other side of the desk. Before becoming a Chicago banker, he was known for his acumen as a corporate lawyer and a financial executive.

As a matter of fact, he is at his happiest when working on such sophisticated financial strategems as scheduling cash flows and ratios, planning the put and take of funds, and putting together complete financial packages that place commercial banking services most effectively into long-range corporate objectives.

Sometimes he talks more the customer's language than a banker's.

Bob nurtures no fixed notions about what can and cannot be done. He is only interested in what should be done. For example:

(1) Just a short time ago, a small manufacturer found himself caught between limited capital and an unexpected flood of large long term orders. He was told that the balance sheet didn't make for a "banking situation." The manufacturer then came to 120 South LaSalle Street, where Bob constructed an unusual revolving credit that finances company growth while maintaining the leverage of its existing capital position. (2) An alert executive saw an opportunity to purchase control of a large corporation, and worked out a plan for subsequent recapitalization. Unable to convince bankers in another city of the soundness of his plan, he came to Central National. Bob quickly saw an opportunity and after suggesting a few revisions helped to consummate the deal in 48 hours.

We like yes-men such as Bob.
They help to build banks.
And companies.



Aren't you tired of being nickeled and dimed to death by the high cost of mailing? **Yes.**

How would you like to keep, say, half the small fortune you piddle away in postage every year?

No, we're not kidding. It's strictly legal. And you won't be taking unfair advantage of the U.S. Post Office.

You simply stop sending out mailings that are printed on heavyweight paper.

And use Waylite® lightweight paper instead.

Now, let's quash once and for all the idea that lightweight paper has to look like onion-skin or tissue.

Not Waylite. It has the body, the whiteness, the opacity of paper *twice* its weight.

Few people see anything different about it. But there is a difference.

Name	_____
Title	_____
Firm	_____
Address	_____
City	_____ Zone _____ State _____

It goes through the mail at *half* the postage. (Vive la difference!)

Send the coupon for information on Waylite paper and nearby Waylite printers.

Then sit down and make a hardheaded value analysis of printing and mailing costs.

The sooner you do, the sooner you can start amassing that fortune in nickels and dimes.

ECUSTA PAPER DIVISION **Olin**
DEPT. J, PISGAH FOREST, NORTH CAROLINA



Meet Alex "Lucky" Cameron.
He sits around and looks at girls
all day. Pretty young girls who
want to be stewardesses for BOAC.
If they meet Alex's standards, he hires them.
What does he look for?
"A stewardess," says Alex,
"should have the smile of a movie star,
the poise of a princess,
and the friendliness of
your sweet Aunt Martha."
"A stewardess," he adds, "should be
the sort of girl you'd like to marry."
Alex ought to know.
He married one.

Fly direct from Chicago to London on a Rolls-Royce 707 fan jet. Convenient take-offs at 5:15 P.M.
14/21-day midweek economy fare is \$375 round trip. Starting May 17, we will have daily flights
from Chicago to London. See your Travel Agent or call British Overseas Airways Corporation.

C4

 **BOAC**
AND BOAC CUNARD
Services operated for BOAC chartered by BOAC

TIME, APRIL 23, 1965

**The Riviera with muscles on its muscles.
New Riviera Gran Sport.**

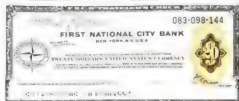


There has always been a vast body of admirers who wouldn't change a hair on the normal Riviera's chest for the world. But we have discovered, lurking in the wings, a cluster of hotbloods who secretly have been yearning for a little more heat. Thus, the Riviera Gran Sport.

It packs a 425-cubic inch, 360-hp, V-8 with 465 lb-ft of torque. (Numbers were never lovelier.) And we went behind the firewall, too. A limited-slip differential. Power-assisted brakes and steering. And you can specify the heavy-duty set of springs, shocks and stabilizer bar. What happens when you put everything together is the most exciting automobile to travel any road. Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

One of the new Gran Sports from Buick

Do the travelers checks you buy assure you of on-the-spot refund in case of loss?



Yes, if they're
First National City Travelers Checks
...with a global refund system
second to none!

First National City Travelers Checks give your money extra protection. As these actual tests show, they offer you *ready availability...immediate acceptability...on-the-spot refundability*. In case of loss, Western Union Operator 25 can direct you to the closest of thousands of U.S. refund points. Overseas, there are thousands more refund points...principal hotels can direct you to the nearest one. Backed by the bank that's first in world-wide banking, First National City Travelers Checks cost just one cent per dollar. Ask for them by name at your bank.



Test No. 1—Refundability—in Vienna

At Austria's famous Belvedere Palace, Mr. & Mrs. Martin I. King of New York City burned \$200 worth of First National City Travelers Checks to make this test. They were directed by their hotel to the Creditanstalt-Bankverein where they promptly received an on-the-spot refund.



Test No. 2—Acceptability—in Montreal

The Peter Bohlin's of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., paid for their sleigh ride up Mount Royal with a First National City Travelers Check...accepted the world over, spendable for every travel need.



Test No. 3—Availability—in Gary

Indiana businessman Louis Haller buys First National City Travelers Checks at the Hobart branch of Gary National Bank...carries them at home and away. It takes minutes to buy them at banks everywhere.

First National City Travelers Checks are "Better Than Money," wherever you go!

Official Travelers Check New York World's Fair 1965 • Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, April 23

LET'S GO TO THE FAIR (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Opening night at the World's Fair, 1965, featuring the new replica of Winston Churchill's library at Chartwell.

Thursday, April 22

KRAFT SUSPENSE THEATER (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Ann Blyth stars as a Chinese empress stranded in Panama in the 1850s and pursued by a general who wants to kill her son. Color.

Friday, April 23

TODAY (NBC, 7-9 a.m.). A two-hour report on current trends in interior design. DANNY THOMAS SPECIAL (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Guests include Mary Tyler Moore, Carl Reiner and Andy Griffith. Color.

FOR (ABC, 9:30-10 p.m.). The Japanese bomb Pearl Harbor.

Saturday, April 24

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). U.S. Allstars meet a touring Russian basketball team in San Francisco.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). *Annie Get Your Gun*, 1950 film version of the Irving Berlin musical, starring Betty Hutton and Howard Keel. Color.

Sunday, April 25

THE CHURCH OF THE SEVEN COUNCILS (CBS, 10-11 a.m.). The program celebrates the Greek Orthodox Easter Sunday by taking a look at the situation of the Orthodox Church today.

DISCOVERY (ABC, 11:30 a.m.-12 noon). *The Wizard of Oz's Witch of the West*, Actress Margaret Hamilton, discusses witchcraft.

PROFILES IN COURAGE (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). George Grizzard stars as Denver Judge Ben B. Lindsey, who fought for greater leniency for juvenile offenders.

THE SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). Deborah Kerr and Gary Cooper in *The Naked Edge* (1961).

Monday, April 26

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). Thrush plots to assassinate a visiting African dignitary. Repeat.

1945 (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). An examination of the military and political events of the year, from the Battle of Berlin to the founding of the United Nations.

Tuesday, April 27

THE BELL TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). The show celebrates its 25th anniversary on radio and TV with tapes of leading performers of the past few years: Rudolf Nureyev, Joan Sutherland, Harry Belafonte. Color.

THEATER

On Broadway

MAURICE CHEVALIER AT 77 is exchanging gifts with his audience, and on both sides the offering is love. It takes more than indestructible charm and showmanship to hold international theatergoers for

* All times E.S.T. through April 24, F.D.T. thereafter.

TIME, APRIL 23, 1965

Learn how to say
"St. Leger"

it's tough raving about a
Scotch you can't pronounce.

Light and dry...

86.8 proof blended Scotch whisky.

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The first consideration a rational man makes in selecting a watch: the reputation of the maker. In upper echelons this is frequently called the quality image. With Lord Elgin the name says it all. What makes this so? 101 years of delivering consistently high quality. Then there is Elgin's knowledge and total application of modern technology. When you look at Lord Elgin watches your only concern need be the final decision in style. So many will suit you: the simple, classic dial...the bold, modern face. What image do you want to project?

Decision-makers decide for Lord Elgin



Which of these LORD ELGIN watches suits you best?

Lord Elgin has many faces, many moods. You're sure to find the one that fits your image of you. The Lord Elgins shown have 25 jewels, are self-winding, waterproof*, shock-resistant with unbreakable main-springs. Each is a paragon of accuracy and dependability... from \$59.50. And while you're happily browsing through the Lord Elgin watches, glance at the Lady Elgins (your lady will love you for it.)



ELGIN where quality is
a tradition

TIME, APRIL 23, 1965

more than half a century. It also takes a good heart, and a good heart, as Shakespeare said, is the sun and the moon.

THE ODD COUPLE consists of two devious males who share an apartment. This latest entry by Author Neil Simon and Director Mike Nichols is an astutely characterized study of marriages that are made in hell. Actors Art Carney and Walter Matthau manage to make incompatibility hilarious.

LUV, Nichols at work again. Here Author Murray Schisgal spoofs the couch-prone and their liter-perfect recitations of the Freudian catchwords. The combined talents of the director and Actors Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson are eruptively comic.

TINY ALICE Edward Albee may be the only person who is still worried about who or what Alice is. John Gielgud and Irene Worth may not know, but they provide an exciting evening of theater.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT. A feline prostitute (Diana Sands) purrs and claws at an above-sex book clerk (Alan Alda) and proves that if you scratch a prude you sometimes find a man.

Off Broadway

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER REVISITED. The campy style of this revue rarely dims the cornucopian delight of Cole Porter's lesser-known but invariably worldly-wise witty and tuneful songs. Kave Ballard, a supreme clown clowning supremely, heads an irrepressible and attractive cast of five.

JUDITH is more sensualist than saint in Jean Giraudoux's version of the apocryphal tale of the beautiful Jewess who saved Israel by killing an Assyrian general. Rosemary Harris' Judith suggests all the contradictions and fascination of the mix who became a myth.

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE has the tensile strength of Arthur Miller's least pretentious and least self-conscious writing. Robert Duvall plays the doomed low-shoreman hero with the uncompromising force of a body blow.

CINEMA

IN HARM'S WAY. Director Otto Preminger steers John Wayne, Patricia Neal and a shipshape supporting cast through the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and a long series of happenings that follow.

THE OVERCOAT. An insignificant clerk (Borislav Bekov) loses his new overcoat and with it his reason for existence in this small, delicate Russian tragedy based on Gogol's classic story.

A BOY TEN FEET TALL. A crackling African adventure story about a stray British orphan (Fergus McClelland) and a fugitive diamond poacher (Edward G. Robinson) whose hideout is the kind of paradise that all boys dream about.

THE TRAIN. Excitement piles up, quite literally, in Director John Frankenheimer's World War II drama about a trainload of stolen French art racing toward the German border with Hero Burt Lancaster hot on its wheels.

THE SOUND OF MUSIC. The Tyrolean Alps get an eye and earful of Julie Andrews, who adds spice to the sugary Richard Rodgers-Oscar Hammerstein musical about the Trapp Family singers.

DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID. In the French countryside, Director Luis Buñuel (*Viridiana*) mounts a fascinating if in-

THE CENTAUR... YOUR SYMBOL OF QUALITY



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only brandy from the
heart of the Cognac region
is: Fine Champagne
Cognac V.S.O.P.

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Remy Martin makes
nothing but
Very Superior Old Pale
Fine Champagne Cognac
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Choose Remy Martin
and you'll taste
the finest Cognac brandy.
One quality...one bottle
world-wide.

REMY MARTIN



REMY MARTIN



REMY MARTIN

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RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.



Why National Boulevard Bank looms ever larger on the Chicago banking scene

In less than three years we've jumped 42 places in size ranking among commercial banks, deposits are up 56%, our legal lending limit 25%. In 1964 alone, our mortgage portfolio increased 56%. Loans hit a record year-end high.

There are three major reasons why more and more individuals and companies are banking with us.

1. Interest. Not the 4% we pay on all savings (though that's reason in itself), but the genuine interest we take in your financial needs and welfare. Old fashioned? Perhaps, but we think it makes customers feel secure to know that at National Boulevard they're more than a non-entity in a faceless multitude. You can even get in to see our president!

2. Creativity. You'll find no "formula banking" at National Boulevard. No two individuals or businesses have precisely the same financial requirements, so we tailor our services to fit their specialized needs. Often, this entails an unexpected or unusual financial twist as one of our experienced officers creates a better or more expeditious means to a desired end.

3. Speed. An advantage of our particular size is that we're big enough to offer a full range of financial services, flexible enough to render them quickly. National Boulevard officers are encouraged to make their own decisions. There are no long delays while large and unwieldy committees ponder appropriate action. This can be vital in business, where delay can cause financial losses and missed opportunities.

These points merely highlight reasons why we have grown so remarkably. Our 1964 annual report tells a much more complete story of our departments and services, and includes examples of how individuals and businesses can be helped by creative banking. If you would like a copy, please write to Irving Seaman, Jr., President.



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What keeps SPAM cooking in more kitchens than any other luncheon meat?

"SPAM has long been America's leading canned luncheon meat," says R. D. Arney, Vice President of Hormel's Grocery Products Division, "but competition has always been tough. One thing that has helped keep us on top is consistent advertising in Reader's Digest."

"In 1959, our first year in The Digest, we enjoyed a 10% sales increase. Our market share rose to 45%. The Digest has been the number one magazine on

our schedule ever since and, indeed, SPAM's share of market last summer hit a new high. Naturally, Hormel is staying in The Digest."

What other magazine could take SPAM advertising to 14½ million families every month—more than watch most top-rated tv shows? Hormel's sales curve answers this question.

People have faith in Reader's Digest. 14½ million families buy each issue.



Relax a little

As you barrel along the expressway, do you sometimes glance at the stream of oncoming traffic and wonder—what if? Highway engineers never stop wondering, and they're constantly looking for safer median barrier designs. Their idea of perfection is a median

barrier that 1) won't let a careening car crash through into oncoming traffic, 2) won't stop it so cold that the occupants are victims of the abrupt impact, and 3) won't bounce the car back in front of traffic on its own side of the expressway.



United States Steel: where



makes driving safer than ever

The new median barrier is made practical by a product innovated by United States Steel called structural steel tubing. In this case it is a hollow rectangular shape, and it takes up less than a third of the space of conventional barriers. This means you can make bridges narrower, and save thousands of dollars on a typical bridge. We predict you'll be seeing lots of highway median barriers made from structural steel tubing as you drive more safely in the years to come.

For more information, write "Innovations," United States Steel, Room 8040, 525 William Penn Place, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230.

new safety rail

New York State highway engineers have worked out a new kind of median barrier that is the best yet. It absorbs the blow of an out-of-control car, slows it, and guides it away at a relatively safe angle. In the above photographs, our demonstration car smashes into the new barrier at 60 mph. Notice how the car is deflected away along the rail at a very shallow angle.

the big idea is innovation

Everything looks like the 4th of July when you print it on Warren paper



warren

Papers for the printer
who puts quality first

conclusive study of sadism, fetishism, frigidity, rape and murder as seen through the eyes of a worldly-wise Parisian maid (Jeanne Moreau).

HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE. Jack Lemmon, Terry-Thomas and Italy's Virna Lisi brighten some nonsense about a bachelor who wakes up married and rues it.

RED DESERT. The bleak beauty of industrial Ravenna fills Director Michelangelo Antonioni's (*L'Avventura*) first color film—a provocative, painterly essay on alienation in a young wife (Monica Vitti).

ZORBA THE GREEK. Memorably cast as the hero of Nikos Kazantzakis' novel, Anthony Quinn tramples the grapes of wrath into the wine of life; Oscar-Winner Lila Kedrova is superb as a well-worn jade with a mighty thirst.

RECORDS

Awards

On the heels of the motion picture Oscars come the recording Grammys, 47 awards voted in secret ballot by the singers, conductors, musicians, composers, arrangers, engineers, songwriters, and other members of the recording fraternity who make up the seven-year-old National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences.

Among their choices in non-classics:

Single record of the year: *The Girl from Ipanema*, with Stan Getz and Astrud Gilberto (Verve).

Album of the year: *Getz/Gilberto* (Verve).

Song of the year: *Hello, Dolly!* by Composer Jerry Herman.

Best female vocal performance: Barbra Streisand's *People* (Columbia).

Best male vocal performance: Louis Armstrong's *Hello, Dolly!* (Kapp).

Best vocal group performance: The Beatles' *Hard Day's Night* (United Artists).

Best performance by a chorus: *The Swingle Singers Going Baroque* (Philips).

Best original movie score: Composers Richard and Robert Sherman's *Mary Poppins*. The sound track (Buena Vista) was also voted the best recording for children.

Best score from an original cast show album: *Funny Girl* by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill (Capitol).

Best rock-'n'-roll single: *Downtown*, sung by Petula Clark (Warner).

Best country and western performance, single and song: Roger Miller's *Dang Me* (Smash).

Among the classical awards:

Album of the year: Leonard Bernstein's *Symphony No. 3* ("Kaddish") played by the New York Philharmonic (Columbia).

Best orchestral performance: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Mahler's *Symphony No. 5* (RCA Victor).

Best performance of soloist with orchestra: Isaac Stern playing Prokofiev's *Violin Concerto No. 1* with the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting (Columbia).

Best performance of an instrumental soloist: Vladimir Horowitz playing Beethoven, Debussy and Chopin (Columbia). Best opera: Bizet's *Carmen*, Herbert von Karajan conducting and Leontyne Price singing the gypsy role (RCA Victor).

Best composition by a contemporary composer: Samuel Barber's *Piano Concerto* (played by Robert Browning on Columbia).

Most promising new recording artist: Mezzo-Soprano Marilyn Horne.

Philanthropists
offer them freely



You pay more for Benson & Hedges.
And, from recessed mouthpiece to personal case, you get more.

Will success spoil Avis?



Look what happened to Rome.

One of our top executives (he knows who he is) has been taking three-day weekends lately.

A couple of us are thinking about getting boats.

And from where we sit, we can count three Mustangs and a Thunderbird in the employees' lot.

Trying harder is starting to pay off.

But we're worried about the future. It's almost a fact of life that the bigger a company becomes, the more inefficient and impersonal it gets.

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BOOKS

Best Reading

ROBERT BRUCE, by G.W.S. Barrow. This biography of Scotland's greatest hero tells the rousing, gory story of his struggle against England. Careful justice is done to recent research showing that, contrary to previously accepted historical view, Bruce fought for Scotland's glory rather than for the enlargement of his own fief.

MAX, by David Cecil. The story of Max Beerbohm's sunny, uneventful life makes relaxing reading for a more frantic age.

GOLD OF THE RIVER SEA, by Charlton Ogburn. This gloriously old-fashioned tale of a young man's conquest of the Amazon and his own restless nature is a welcome return to romantic adventure as a novelistic form. One of the few successful fiction works so far this year.

LINCOLN'S SCAPEGOAT GENERAL, by Richard S. West Jr. Benjamin ("Beast") Butler was a harsh but fair military governor of New Orleans during the Civil War, but Author West emphasizes his importance as a dynamic and remarkably foresighted crusader for Negro rights during the early years of Reconstruction.

ATATÜRK, by Lord Kinross. An acute and gripping biography of the mercurial autocrat who, singlehanded, transformed Turkey from a decadent relic of medieval Byzantium into a modern state.

THE MAN WHO LOVED CHILDREN, by Christina Stead. This singularly raw novel of family life and strife was considered too intemperate when it was first published in 1940. Now, countless case studies later, Miss Stead's distillation of the warfare between neurotic parents rings terrifyingly true.

CASTLE KEEP, by William Eastlake. A medieval castle in the Ardennes is occupied by a decadent count, his child-wife, and a bumbling, boondoggling bunch of G.I.s who find themselves squarely in the path of the German thrust for Bastogne. Interweaving satire, tragedy and gothic mystery, Novelist Eastlake has created a small, surreal masterpiece.

THE FAMILY MOSKAT, by Isaac Bashevis Singer. The story of a wealthy Warsaw family, told with richness and scope reminiscent of the great 19th century Russian novels. Singer, too often tagged as "the master of Yiddish prose," ranks among the best novelists in any language.

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1 Herzog, Bellow (1 last week)
- 2 Up the Down Staircase, Kaufman (4)
- 3 Hurry Sundown, Gilden (3)
- 4 Hotel, Hailey (5)
- 5 Funeral in Berlin, Deighton (2)
- 6 The Man, Wallace (6)
- 7 Don't Stop the Carnival, Wouk (7)
- 8 The Ambassador, West
- 9 An American Dream, Mailer
- 10 The Ordways, Humphrey (9)

NONFICTION

- 1 Markings, Hanamarskjöld (1)
- 2 Queen Victoria, Longford (2)
- 3 The Founding Father, Whalen (3)
- 4 The Italians, Barzini (4)
- 5 My Shadow Ran Fast, Sands (5)
- 6 Journal of a Soul, Pope John XXIII
- 7 Reminiscences, MacArthur (7)
- 8 How to Be a Jewish Mother, Greenburg (10)
- 9 Catherine the Great, Oldenbourg (9)
- 10 Sixpence in Her Shoe, McGinley (6)

It is of great importance in a republic not only to guard the society against the oppression of its rulers, but to guard one part of the society against the injustice of the other part.

Artist: George Ortman

(James Madison, The Federalist, 1788)



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LETTERS

Talented Tartar

Sir: Oh, the gross incompatibility and lack of harmony in your *pas de deux* (cover and coverage) starring the great Nureyev [April 16]. In your marvelous coverage, Rudi is a colorful, vibrant and electrifying creature. Sidney Nolan's Rudi, however, is about as exciting as a dish of cold oatmeal.

BARBARA KIEFER

Torrance, Calif.

Sir: TIME covers are no longer cepts to identify newsmakers; they are a whole semester of psychology study. Awful!

K. H. BERZINS

Boston

Sir: It is not he. It couldn't be Nureyev on the cover of TIME. Where is the fierceness of this Tartar, the aggressiveness and the ever-present savage mystery? The colors the artist chose would have been better utilized for illustrating Dame Fonteyne.

B. F. LAUB

Glen Oaks, N.Y.

Sir: Sidney Nolan's portrait of Nureyev was a brilliant depiction of the dancer's spirit, electric genius—his concentration. It is the most poetic cover I've yet seen on TIME.

ANNE PLOTKIN

St. Louis

Sir: What a fabulous cover! It just bristles with Rudolf Nureyev's moody, mysterious presence. Your article was a masterpiece.

ELLEN SAN HAMEL

Chicago

Sir: The so-called ballet "renaissance" that you credit to visits by the Royal Danish and Royal Ballet actually originated in America's Ballet Theatre—the cradle of Jerome Robbins, Michael Kidd and Eugene Loring, to name a few. If anyone had anything to do with freeing the male dancer of sexual suspicion it was these gentlemen, and, of course, Agnes de Mille. Martha Graham, as well, influenced more forms of the arts than people would like to admit. To witness Miss Graham standing still for one minute has all the oomph of a Nureyev dancing for an entire evening.

CYRIL PETERS

New York City

The Boredom of Pornography

Sir: At last there is a writer indifferent enough to the stigma of the word "square" to describe pornographers [April 16] for what they are—stuffed and frustrated hacks who in their great crusade for "artistic" freedom and "broad-mindedness" manage to be just two things: prisoners of their own vanity and excruciatingly narrow-minded bores.

DAVID HEALD

Baltimore

Sir: If those who worry about bad influences on American youth were consistent, they would simply apply the same rules to the sale of literature that seem to satisfy them concerning alcohol and tobacco. A "No Sale to Minors" sign in bookstores would still permit adults to obtain any and all literature. There would be no censorship at all.

MRS. G. F. DOERING JR.

Philadelphia

Sir: Thank you for telling me that sex is too important a matter to be left to writers.

SIMON STAPLES

New York City

Sir: Now that you have "essayed" a catalogue of the smuttest books, why not follow up with "How to Murder Mysteriously," "Where to Buy Burger Tools," "Dope, Drugs and Where to Obtain Them," "How to Become a Lady of Easy Virtue," "Easy Methods of Paying Taxes," etc.?

ERNEST DUDLEY CHASE

Cape Cod, Mass.

War & Peaceniks

Sir: Critics who give aid and comfort to the Communists in Viet Nam [April 16] call to mind a quote from Winston Churchill, who once defined an appeaser as "one who feeds the crocodile, hoping that the crocodile eat him last!"

JOHN H. CRAMMOND

Orange, N.J.

Sir: It is ironic that many Americans think Lyndon Johnson would lose Viet Nam at the conference table while the Chinese and Russians shy away from negotiating with him.

LARRY A. HART

Dallas

Sir: What I would like to know is just what in the hell do the phonies at Columbia and their banal contemporaries at schools all over the U.S. know about our "barbarous attacks" on North Viet Nam? Obviously a lot more than they do about the "virtuous techniques of our honorable adversaries," the Viet Cong.

T. M. LISTON

Lieutenant (j.g.), U.S.N.R.

McGuire A.F.B., N.J.

Sir: It is possible that the hesitant *rapprochement* between Japan and Korea [April 2] might be the first minute step toward an eventual Western Pacific alliance. It is needed, desperately needed. The crucial battle—for Asian minds—is being progressively lost. From Thailand through Taiwan, one finds a near-fatalistic, wave-of-the-future resignation to eventual Communist takeover. "Patience" is no bulwark against seeping subversion and creeping defeatism throughout Southeast Asia.

The one urgent need is an East Asian NATO, a political and economic affiliation linking Thailand, Malaysia, the Philippines, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Japan and

South Korea in common defense against subversion and sabotage, a mutual Alliance for Progress. Failure to make common cause against fascist aggression brought Europe to Munich and World War II. The agonized forging of NATO as defense against Soviet designs transformed a cold war into peaceful coexistence. A similar strategy offers the only sound hope for an East Asia safe against today's threat, and the only viable justification for American military protection of Western Pacific security.

Will the Asian nations persist in disastrous disunity leading toward another Munich or accept the unwelcome necessity of a united front promising ultimate peaceful coexistence for Asia?

HENRY P. VAN DUSEN

Seoul, Korea

Brown Study

Sir: Frequently TIME provokes me into wanting to write a letter blasting U.S. foreign policy. Then you come out with an excellent cover story on the *Peanuts* gang [April 9]. They are among America's finest overseas ambassadors, and cartoonists like Charles Schulz and Walt Kelly do much to maintain the tattered remnants of my faith in the basic decency of Americans.

NEIL ROBERTSON

Trentham, New Zealand

Sir: I was surprised that you didn't mention Snoopy's doghouse. What other doghouse has a mural on the ceiling, winding stairs, a library, fluorescent lights and a pool table?

BERNARD BLACK

Philadelphia

Sir: If Andy Capp was born within the sound of Bow Bells, then Daddy Warbucks is a dirty pinko and Superman can't outrun a speeding bullet. Capp is no cockney; he's a northerner.

WILLIAM BOYD

Paris

Asian Disunity

Sir: Re your essay on hate in Asia [April 9]: recently I attended the second New York University Seminar on India, at which we conferred about an education that would lift men above the myth-filled categories of race, creed and class. We found that these were more than Indian problems. Selma, Ala., has much in common with color segregation in India. Hindu-Muslim conflicts reminded us of Catholic-Protestant-Jewish problems in the U.S. The U.S. has not had religious riots, but we keep the peace only by not men-

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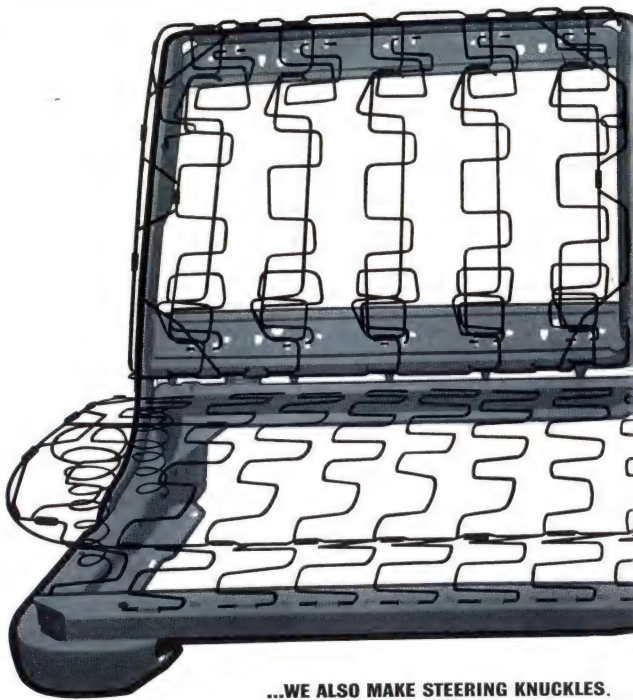
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Sir: As a student of the Civil War and one interested in helping to make the sacrifices of our forefathers meaningful to the general public, and as one who believes our heritage belongs to all the people and not just to the long-faced historian, I with my sons have participated in battle re-enactments over the past four years (April 16). Vicarious though the experience may have been, we can begin to appreciate what Bruce Catton is writing

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ONE of the concerns that haunts U.S. servicemen fighting that war in far-off Viet Nam is the nagging thought that people back home do not appreciate what they are doing and how much it can mean to the free world. Bridging the distance, in both miles and mind, between the warriors and the people they are fighting for is one of the responsibilities of good journalism. In the three years since the struggle in Viet Nam reached the proportions of war, TIME, in addition to its regular coverage, has had three cover stories on military commanders in the area: General Paul Harkins (May 11, 1962), Admiral U.S. Grant Sharp (Aug. 14) and General William Westmoreland (Feb. 19). The aim of this week's cover story is to tell the story of the combatants—the flyers, foot soldiers and advisers—on whom the outcome of the war may hinge, and who are now fully committed in its new phase.

Getting the story called for reporting by TIME correspondents from Oklahoma to Okinawa. Principally, he called for hard and fast work in the field by Hong Kong Bureau Chief Frank McCulloch (a Marine sergeant in World War II) and two of his correspondents, James Wilde and Peter Forbath. Their first task was to find the right man for the cover. They nominated—as representative and symbolic—Lieut. Colonel Robinson Risner, 40, and the editors readily agreed.

Correspondent Wilde sat down with veteran Jet Pilot Risner between bombing missions of the F-105 squadron he commands, and for hours they talked about the airman's role in the war. In the three days following the interview, Risner led three bombing and strafing missions over North Viet Nam, one of which was rated as perhaps the most successful air strike of the war. To get the rest of the story, the three reporters sought out other warriors in key positions, working much of the time under combat conditions.

In New York, Researcher Pat Gordon, Writer Bruce Henderson and Senior Editor Champ Clark used the reporting of the three-man team as the chief material for the cover story. All worked in the hope that the result would help to close the gap of understanding by giving readers everywhere a better appreciation of what U.S. servicemen are doing in the war in Viet Nam, how they are doing it, how they feel about it, and how they add up the price of success or failure.



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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

April 23, 1965

Vol. 85, No. 17

THE NATION

THE ECONOMY

Excellent, Buoyant & Ebullient

Asked about the present and foreseeable future of the U.S. economy, Chicago Banker Tilford C. Gaines was evasive. "The only words I can use," he said, "are 'excellent,' 'buoyant' and 'ebullient.'"

Asked to write a pair of memos to Lyndon Johnson on the state of the economy, Gardner Ackley, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, had trouble finding any dark spots, replied mostly in superlatives:

► For the first quarter of 1965, the gross national product was up by \$14.5 billion over the last quarter of 1964. This was one of the biggest quarterly gains in U.S. history, and was in line with Ackley's earlier estimate of a record G.N.P. of \$660 billion for 1965.

► For the same quarter, consumer spending rose by \$11.7 billion, to an annual rate of \$418.2 billion. The biggest increase came in the area of new-car buying which set a quarterly sales record of 2,189,787 cars.

► March unemployment dropped to 4.7%, the lowest figure for the month in eight years. At the same time, employment rose by 1,652,000 jobs over March 1964—to a record 70,169,000.

Concluded Ackley: "It's a good prosperity with good balance. There has been no sign of excess in inventory stockpiling or in corporate investment. The economy does not seem to have any bottlenecks. Confidence is high in the consumer and businessman."

Few businessmen or economists disagreed with Ackley's prognosis. Ford Motor Co. Chairman Henry Ford II predicted that the auto industry would sell "at least" 9,000,000 new cars this year, making 1965 the third consecutive record-setting year in Detroit's history. Corporation giants were falling all over themselves in making plans for capital investment in 1965. "I've never seen people so optimistic," said Robert H. Stewart III, president of Dallas' First National Bank. Declared John Brooks, board chairman of Santa Monica's Lear Siegler, Inc., manufacturers of aerospace products, air conditioners and TV equipment: "There is little doubt that our present economy is strong. Tax reductions did stimulate industry and help business last year. We will continue

to be aided this year by a further tax reduction." Mused Los Angeles Sportswear Manufacturer Richard Woodard: "It's sure a different kind of country and economy than when I was a kid back in the '20s and '30s. With all these things going for us today, if we drop the ball we have nobody to blame but ourselves."

In the view of Manhattan's Martin R. Gainsbrugh, chief economist and vice president of the National Industrial Conference Board, the ball was not about to be dropped. Predictions of a \$660 billion gross national product, he said, "may, in the light of the first quarter and rising investment plans, prove to be too low. Conceivably, it may be as high as \$670 or \$675 billion."

Of course, every silver lining has a cloud or two. Might not the great Form 1040 income-tax fiasco (see *following story*) cut into consumer spending? And what if there were to be a strike in the steel industry, where labor-management negotiations last week seemed to be nearing a dead end? No matter. Most Americans would still find "buoyant" and "ebullient" excellent words to describe the state of the economy.

The stock market has always been a good indicator, and during the week

the Dow-Jones industrial average ran to an alltime high of 912.86. But nowadays there are other markets that tell almost as much. One is the art market. Last week a black-tie audience packed an auction at Manhattan's Parke-Bernet Galleries (see *ART*) and, pausing only long enough to refuel on champagne and caviar, expressed its own sort of confidence by making record bids on almost every item offered up.

TAXES

Who Has a Dime to Spare?

Lyndon Johnson borrowed money to pay taxes. So did Harry Truman. And in the space of a few hours, San Francisco's Bank of America lent \$75,000 to one harried taxpayer, \$100,000 to another.

Income tax day is always something of a shock, but this year it proved a positive trauma. The reason, paradoxically, was the \$11.5 billion tax cut enacted 13 months ago. While Congress reduced income tax rates in a two-stage, two-year process, it slashed the uniform 18% withholding rate to 14% in one swoop. The result was that about 20 million of the nation's 65 million taxpayers did not have enough with-



ART AUCTION AT MANHATTAN'S PARKE-BERNET GALLERY

"I've never seen people so optimistic."

U.S. POWER IN VIET NAM



TASK FORCE 77-27,000 men
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 Commanded by Adm. Oulsen, flagship Coral Sea.
 12 to 15 destroyers, some on junk blockade.

ARMED FORCES

The Fighting American (See Cover)

Striking in like vengeful lightning bolts, the F-105 Thunderchiefs loosed their bombs, rockets and cannon fire on a North Viet Nam highway bridge, sent it crashing into a gorge. Speeding south-eastward, they knocked out another bridge leading to Laos and long used by the Communists to send troops and supplies into South Viet Nam. With fuel and ordnance still to spare, the Thunderchiefs swung back north, destroyed a key railroad bridge in North Viet Nam. Only then did the pilots of the U.S. Air Force's 67th ("Fighting Cock") Tactical Fighter Squadron follow their leader, Lieut. Colonel James Robinson Risner, back to their base at Danang.

Last week, day after day, in unremitting, round-the-clock attacks, scores of U.S. airmen carried out such missions, both north and south of the 17th parallel. Rumors of peace talks still wafted from capital to capital. In the U.S., professors at Harvard, Syracuse and Western Reserve universities held all-night "teach-ins," protesting U.S. policies in Viet Nam. Near week's end some 12,000 students staged a peace march in Washington. But in Viet Nam, the U.S. inexorably intensified its war effort, both in the air and on the ground.

In steadily increasing numbers, the U.S. sent men to South Viet Nam. By last week, with the arrival of 1,400 marines who waded ashore near Danang in drizzling rain, there were 33,200 American military men in South Viet Nam itself. In addition, some 27,000 Navy men were on warships patrolling Vietnamese waters.

Quality, Not Quantity. But the U.S. effort in Viet Nam must be measured in terms of quality, not quantity. The American serviceman in Viet Nam is probably the most proficient the nation has ever produced. For example, Admiral Thomas Moore, until recently U.S. Commander in Chief Pacific, now Commander in Chief Atlantic, says of the carrier pilots who flew for him in strikes against North Viet Nam: "They are the most professional who have ever flown for the Navy, including those in World War II and Korea. There is no question about it."

Viet Nam is no place for the 90-day wonder or the left-footed recruit. It is a place for the career man, the highly trained specialist. Because of this, the U.S. force in Viet Nam is top-heavy with officers; of 15,200 Army personnel, about 5,000 are commissioned.

To many such men, fighting is a profession, not a training-manual exercise. They are in Viet Nam not because they have to be, but because they want to be—after all, that is where the fighting is. Thousands who could by now be back home are serving voluntary second and third tours of duty in Viet Nam. They have had hard going, but almost to a man they believe that the Vietnamese war can be won—if only their efforts are not undercut on the home front.

Perfecting His Skills. In most previous U.S. wars, Thunderchief Squadron Leader "Robbie" Risner would have been an exception, not a rule. The commander of the Fighting Cocks is no spring chicken. At 40, he still bears scars from his teenage days as a rodeo rider in Oklahoma, where he grew up. He has been flying combat aircraft for 22 years. He was a Korean War ace—with eight MIGs to his credit. His left eye is permanently bloodshot as a result of zooming so close to a MIG kill in Korea that the ejecting Communist pilot struck Risner's canopy, shattering glass throughout the cockpit. But Risner insists that "my eyesight is perfect"—and both the medics and his flying record back him up.

Last January, as leader of the Fighting Cocks, Risner was transferred to Danang from Okinawa, where his wife Kathleen, an ex-Army nurse, and their five sons still live. Since then, he has led 18 missions against North Viet Nam—including three last week. His \$2,500,000 Thunderchief fighter-bomber is a remarkable instrument of warfare. It can carry twelve 750-lb. bombs or eight pods of 19 rockets each, and has a six-barrel, 20-mm. cannon that can fire

held from their salaries, had to cough up some \$500 million more.

Salaried taxpayers in the middle and upper brackets took the worst beating. If he took the standard deduction, for example, a \$20,000-a-year man with a wife and two children wound up \$707.21 in the red—even though \$2,975.79 had already been withheld. The smaller the brood, naturally, the more to brood about. While a married man with two children and an income of \$7,500 came out \$52 ahead, the \$7,500-a-year career girl found herself \$168.20 in debt to the Government.

Capitalizing on the situation, one New York bank ran newspaper ads showing a well-dressed man imploring a woman, "Could you spare a dime, lady? I have to phone Bank of Commerce and arrange a \$5,000 loan to pay my income tax." In Southern California, the Bank of America's loan business was up 18%.

Bighearted as always, the Internal Revenue Service said that some taxpayers would be allowed to pay later, but would be charged 6% interest in the meantime. In Congress, Republican Senators accused the Democratic Administration of having played politics by slashing withholding rates to make the tax cut look bigger, proposed eliminating the interest charge for tardy taxpayers. Though the move was defeated, 37 to 29, the Administration let it be known that it was thinking of introducing graduated withholding rates—taking bigger bites out of the higher-income brackets to avoid under-withholding in the future.



"ROBBIE" RISNER & HIS F-105
 "You never get good enough."

4,000 rounds per minute. Loaded, it weighs 48,400 lbs., and its top speed exceeds 1,660 m.p.h. Its cockpit is a bewildering jungle of more than 75 switches, toggles and levers.

To use such equipment successfully requires the highest degree of human ingenuity and precision, and despite all his experience, Risner spends most of his waking hours perfecting his skills. "You never get good enough," he says. "A complacent pilot gets killed."

"What I Had Been Taught." Only a few weeks ago, Risner almost got killed. But his professionalism saved him. He now describes the experience with almost clinical detachment: "The target that day was a radar station in North Viet Nam. I was janking [changing altitude and direction continuously] when I got hit by ground fire. They got me four feet behind the cockpit, in the engine. I had to make a 180° turn to get out over the sea. When I got to the coastline, I figured I was safe. But in the water was an enemy gunboat, so I had to keep on going. Suddenly the plane flipped over and I was flying upside down. I flew about three-fourths of a mile that way. Then I reached down and pulled the seat handles, which flipped off the canopy. Then I groped until I found the ejection handles. I was still pulling them when the butt-snapper—that's a canvas that snaps taut and flips you clear—under my seat propelled me out into the air. Three swift jolts, and I was floating down in my parachute. Since I had nothing else to do, I went through the procedure I'd been taught over and over again.

"I inflated my Mae West and released my rubber dinghy about 25 ft. from the water. As my feet touched the water, I dumped one side of the parachute. My head barely went under the water. Surfacing, I found my dinghy only three strokes away. Ten seconds after touching down I was in the dinghy. Fifty seconds later I had ripped open my survival kit, set the squawk-radio beam going, activated my 11-hp. radio and called Thunderbird Two. The first thing I asked him was whether he had sunk that gunboat. He said he had cut it in two with his 20-mm. cannon. Then I asked if Old Dumbo [a rescue seaplane] was coming, and he said right away. The Dumbo landed a few minutes later and picked me up."

He summed up the experience: "I simply did as I had been taught to do."

Was he afraid? Not so that you could notice it. "Fear," says Risner, "is a luxury one can't afford." Anyhow, he has faith. "I believe in God. I'm already at peace with myself. If death comes, I only hope that it comes quickly and that I won't be sorry."

It is unlikely he has any sorrow about how he has lived his life. For Robbie Risner considers himself "the luckiest man in the world to be doing what I'm doing."

Like almost every other American combatant in Viet Nam, Risner feels strongly that most American citizens



ROGERS WITH VIETNAMESE "COUNTERPART"

"The Viet Cong wasn't going 'Bang! Bang!' any more."

fail to understand the nature of the war—and the extent of the U.S. effort. He would be the first to agree with Admiral Moorer's statement that "this war is being fought by a very few dedicated, hard-working people in a peace-time atmosphere." On the ground, at sea and in the air, those dedicated people daily risk the ultimate sacrifice (see *casualty box*, p. 25). In the experiences and attitudes of a few can be told the story of most.

The Adviser

MAJOR LANE ROGERS, 36, a lean, dry-humored U.S. Marine Corps regular, has been in Viet Nam for 10½ months as adviser to a Vietnamese marine battalion. He has no command capacity whatever. All he can do is offer suggestions, when and if they are solicited by his Vietnamese "counterpart." To perform effectively, the adviser must earn the trust and friendship of his Vietnamese opposite number—a process that often takes weeks, and sometimes is never achieved. Whenever an American adviser tries to force his views on a Vietnamese commander, he is in for trouble. Thus one overzealous adviser was told by a Vietnamese commander who never spoke to him thereafter: "Just remember, you are an adviser—and nothing else."

On his first operation, in the Mekong Delta, Major Rogers rolled out of his hammock at 3:30 a.m., marched all day under a brain-beating sun, through paddyfields and up to his armpits in irrigation ditches, ready to give instant advice. The Vietnamese commander barely spoke to him. That night, after washing out his muddy clothes in a canal, Rogers sat patiently waiting to be consulted—but neither offering advice nor being invited to give it.

Next day, as the march continued, Rogers tagged at the heels of the Vietnamese commander. Finally the unit ran into Viet Cong fire while moving

along a river bank. Then Rogers' counterpart turned to him with a question: "What about some air?" Rogers agreed, and while his counterpart radioed for Vietnamese-flown Skyraiders, Rogers called in American-flown helicopters. "Then," recalls Rogers, "I asked the commander which he wanted to carry out the strike. He said both, and I had to explain that you couldn't have Skyraiders and choppers going in over the target at the same time. It was a real Mickey Mouse [the linguistic equivalent of World War II's snafu], but we got it all straightened out, and the choppers went in first."

Rogers worked with that same commander for weeks without really gaining his confidence. Finally, Rogers recalls, "there was a Viet Cong sniper who seemed to nip away at us every evening after supper. I used to sneak down to a dike just behind him and try to catch him. Then I went to Saigon for a couple of days. When I got back, I noticed my counterpart grinning widely. That evening he told me that that V.C. wasn't going 'Bang! Bang!' any more. He had shot him during my absence. He showed me the brand-new Russian carbine he had taken off the sniper. I had it chromed and polished in Saigon and presented it to him. That's when we first became really close friends."

Last week Rogers was in action with his Vietnamese unit near Danang. But he will soon be going home to Summerville, Pa., and he will be sorry to leave. "These Vietnamese are brave people," he says. "You go out on operation and—well—maybe things aren't done quite the way you want them to be. But then, in the middle of a battle, one of these little characters comes grinning up to you and hands you a hot cup of coffee."

The Skunk Hunter

WARRANT OFFICER CHRISTOPHER G. HUNT, 21, of San Jose, Calif., an Army helicopter pilot, currently operates out



DODSON

"I could see the front end skid."

of Saigon airport, flying either a UH-1B "Huey," which staggers into the air carrying 6,000 rounds of machinegun ammunition and 14 rockets, or a "Hawg," a version of the Huey, which packs 48 rockets. Since last September, when Hunt arrived in Viet Nam, his outfit, the 197th Aviation Company, has suffered eight dead—out of a total complement of 160 officers and men.

Hunt's biggest moment came two weeks ago, when he led a "skunk hunt" for a suspected Viet Cong supply depot about 60 miles northwest of Saigon. "We were lucky," says Hunt. "One of our guys just happened to come in at a proper angle, and he caught a glimpse of something under the trees. He drew fire, so we all went to have a look." It was quite a look: the area was alive with Viet Cong. Hunt and his outfit marked the targets with smoke rockets and called in Vietnamese and American planes, which destroyed 21 Viet Cong trucks, five large ammunition dumps, 43 Communist-occupied houses, and an estimated 2,000 tons of rice—"enough to feed 25,000 guerrillas for a year."

The Builder

CAPTAIN RICHARD C. LEE, 35, a stocky, crew-cut blond from Excelsior, Minn., serves as adviser to a South Vietnamese Air Force squadron at Bien Hoa Airbase. He likes to fly combat missions, and occasionally he gets a chance. Three weeks ago, at the controls of an A-1H Skyraider, he accompanied Vietnamese planes on a strike against North Viet Nam; last week Lee took part in a raid against a Viet Cong installation.

But much as he enjoyed them, these were distractions from his primary assignment: helping train South Vietnamese pilots. That job gives him a real sense of accomplishment. Says he: "Not since the days of Spaatz has anyone as low-ranking as a captain been able to play an important part in building a whole air force from the ground up. It's

a great job, and I was lucky enough to draw it. When you consider that it was only a few years ago that the entire Vietnamese air force consisted of 20 ancient Bearcats and a couple of A-1s, they've come a remarkably long way in an awful hurry."

Before too long, Lee's tour of duty will end, and he will be free to leave Viet Nam and return to his wife and three daughters. But, he says, "I'd stay on for five years if the people here wanted me to." As he sees it, "We can't afford to lose another one like we lost Korea."

The Unblooded

CORPORAL GERALD NECAISE, 20, of New Orleans, is a squad leader in the 8,400-man 9th Marine Expeditionary Brigade, most of which is assigned to help protect the Danang airfield. The marines are perhaps the most frustrated outfit in South Viet Nam: eager for battle, they are restricted to patrolling the Danang perimeter, and so far they have not been blooded. Last week, returning from an uneventful patrol, Necaise expressed his impatience: "Look at it this way," he said. "If you're in the engineers, you train to build roads and you get a chance to build roads. If you're in communications, you train to communicate and you get a chance to communicate. When you're a rifleman, you train to kill, but . . ."

At that point he disgustedly waved a hand toward the quiet hills surrounding Danang.

The marines spend much of their time filling sandbags for bunkers. The heat is oppressive, the mosquitoes abundant. The only place to go on liberty is Danang, a dreary city with a 10 p.m. curfew and varieties of venereal disease for which U.S. medical science has not yet come up with a cure.

The Truck Bluffer

1ST LIEUT. JOHN G. DODSON, 25, from El Paso, Texas, is an RF-8 Marine photo-reconnaissance pilot on the carrier *Coral Sea*. His maintenance crew proudly records each of his missions by painting a small camera on the side of his jet. As



BRADLEY

"The less-pacified, the more military."

of last week there were twelve cameras in a row—and a little yellow truck.

Dodson's plane is unarmed. How, then, did he manage to chalk a Communist truck up to his credit? One day recently, while photographing the results of a bomb strike near Vinh, Dodson was flat-hatting along Highway 1, only 100 ft. off the deck, at 500 m.p.h. From the opposite direction came a North Vietnamese truck. The driver obviously did not know that Dodson shot only film. Recalls Dodson: "As we raced toward each other, I could see the front end of the truck beginning to skid and zigzag as the driver tried to halt. I bore down on him a little harder, and the driver jumped out one way and the truck went off the road and down a hillside the other way."

So far as is known, Dodson is the world's only photo-recon pilot to put an enemy truck out of action.

The Head-Hunted

MAJOR JOSEPH BRADLEY, 35, of Nashville, Tenn., married, father of two daughters and a son, an Army veteran of 17 years, heads a five-man American team at the district capital of Tuy Phuoc in northern Binh Dinh province. The town, a single street of shabby shops, thatched-roofed houses and a Catholic



McALLISTER

"I usually fly looking back over my shoulder."



KEYS

"Somebody's got to do it."

church, is an island among Communist-controlled sugar cane and rice fields. All roads leading out are controlled by the Viet Cong. A pudgy man who peers mildly from behind grey-rimmed glasses, Bradley is supposed to advise the district chief on military and civilian matters. Says he: "The less pacified my area becomes, the more military my advice becomes." To defend Tuyphuc, Bradley has one American captain, four non-coms, and a handful of Vietnamese Civil Guardsmen and ill-trained Popular Forces. The communists obviously think he has done a good job, Bradley has been ambushed six times, and the Viet Cong have a 40,000 piaster (nearly \$500) price on his head—dead or alive.

The Fac

MAJOR WILLIAM W. McALLISTER, 36, is an Air Force careerman who, in his eleven months in Viet Nam, has become a legend as "Mac the Fac" (for "forward air controller"), flying a toylike L-19 spotter plane and seeking out Viet Cong troops and installations. McAllister used to be a hot jet fighter pilot,

won a D.F.C. in Korea. Now he flies slower, but has more fun.

Wearing grey coveralls, with a .38 pistol slung low on his left hip and a knife strapped to his leg, Mac the Fac arrives at his base strip around 7:30 a.m., gets briefed, then buzzes off in search of the enemy. He flies low, and traveling with him is an unsettling experience. Says an ex-passenger, "When you're riding with him, it sounds like a popcorn machine—there's so much stuff coming up at you."

Mac the Fac stays alive because he is a superb pilot. Making his observation runs, he slides, fishtails, zooms and banks—anything to avoid enemy fire. "I usually fly looking back over my shoulder," he says. "That's because when I make a pass, the V.C. usually freeze, jump into holes or dive into water. By looking back I can see them popping up again." When he sees them, he summons fighter-bombers. As they approach, Mac guides them by radio: "I see six guys down there under those big trees to my left, wearing those crazy hats. I'll mark 'em for you." Firing smoke rockets, he does just that; then he scurries out of the way.

Recently, Mac shepherded a group of trapped Vietnamese soldiers back to Route 19 at night with his landing lights guiding them along a path between intense Viet Cong fire 100 ft. on either side. Last week he was in the air for the better part of five days. North of Quinhon he flushed a battalion-sized Viet Cong contingent and called in the Sky-raid. The result: about 50 dead Communists. McAllister has had some other interesting experiences. "Have you ever seen a tree walking?" he asks. "Well, I sure as hell did. There it was, walking down a hill in the middle of V.C. country. I nearly flipped. I followed it and found more walking trees. Then I swooped down, and they became stationary trees real fast. I called in an air strike and we had ourselves a forest fire."

The Volunteer

SPECIALIST 5TH CLASS LARRY C. NIEDRINGHAUS, 22, serves as the demoli-



McNEIL

"Eject! Eject! Flames on your tail!"

tions expert for a twelve-man U.S. Special Forces team at Suoia, a bleak, wire-enclosed camp at the base of Black Virgin Mountain, 60 miles northwest of Saigon. Niedringhaus first came to Viet Nam in 1962, at his own request is now serving his third tour of duty. Says he: "Damned if I can think of any place I'd rather be or anything I'd rather do."

To Niedringhaus, things are looking up in Viet Nam. "It's hard to believe how much this war has changed," he says. "We used to have to scrounge damned near everything we needed, including weapons and ammo. And I'll tell you something else: We didn't kill a helluva lot of V.C. either."

"But look at us now. We've got every weapon we ask for. We've got a scientifically laid-out camp with clear fields of fire and plenty of wire. When we ask for air support, we get it. We've even got a dispensary and an icebox. This time we've got what we need to do the job."

Like all U.S. Special Forces men in Viet Nam, Niedringhaus serves as an adviser to a Vietnamese Special Forces counter-guerrilla team, averages four three-to-five-day patrols a month. Such patrols are exhausting, nerve-racking work. Why volunteer for more? Says Niedringhaus: "I guess what it comes down to is that you always want to try yourself, to prove something to yourself. You made it once and you made it twice, but then the question is: Can you make it again?"

The Egg Dropper

CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER MECKIE I. KEYS, 33, is a greying, 16-year Army veteran from St. Petersburg, Fla., where his wife and five children live. Twelve years ago, as a 1st sergeant in a tank battalion, Keys decided to move from turret to cockpit, enrolled in the Army's aviation school. Today he flies a lumbering Caribou transport out of Vung-

THE TOLL

Since Jan. 1, 1961, a date arbitrarily chosen by the Pentagon to begin counting U.S. casualties in action against the Viet Cong, the toll has mounted inexorably. The figures through April 12:

	ARMY	NAVY	MARINES	AIR FORCE	TOTAL
Killed in Action	189	9	16	16	230
Died of Wounds	10	—	2	4	16
Died while Missing	42	4	—	43	89
Died in Captivity	1	—	—	—	1
Total Deaths	242	13	18	43	336
Wounded	1,774	34	78	135	2,021
Missing & Returned	5	1	—	1	7
Still Missing	6	5	3	8	22
Captured & Still Held	11	—	—	2	13

Of the deaths from hostile action, 88 occurred in fixed-wing aircraft, 92 in helicopters, 156 in ground action. In addition, 126 U.S. servicemen died in air crashes and other accidents not involving action with the enemy. So far, no American has defected, one is currently AWOL.



U.S. MARINES ON HILL OVERLOOKING DANANG
"You're trained to kill, but..."

tau on the South China Sea, 40 miles southeast of Saigon.

Since his arrival in Viet Nam last October, Keys has logged enough air mileage to circle the earth nearly two times. His plane has been hit five times by enemy fire, and he got a Purple Heart when glass from a bullet-bladed windshield cut his face.

Whether taking off or landing, Keys and his Caribou require an airstrip of no more than 300 yds. If there is no strip, Keys takes his potholed, olive-green transport down to 10 ft., and his crew pushes the steel-encased cargo out of clamshell doors. Says Keys: "We can drop a case of eggs to a Special Forces camp and not break more than a couple." Of his job Keys says, "Somebody's got to do it, and if it helps win this, then I'm happy to be the one."

The Swimmer

LIEUT. COMMANDER CHARLES H. McNEIL, 30, from Venice, Calif., a Navy pilot assigned to the carrier *Coral Sea*, recently attacked a North Vietnamese bridge. As his A-4C jet pulled out of its dive, McNeil felt the plane shudder from an antiaircraft hit, heard a fellow pilot's frantic radio warning: "Eject! Eject! Flames on your tail!" McNeil headed for the South China Sea, managed to get just beyond the shoreline before his plane spun out of control. He reached for the ejection rings over his head and yanked hard—but nothing happened. He pulled an auxiliary ejection lever. The canopy sailed off, but McNeil was jammed between the seat and the instrument panel, the upper half of his body outside the plummeting plane. "For a minute," he says, "I thought I was going to be torn in half."

Finally, McNeil popped free and parachuted into the sea—only to be greeted by Communist rifle fire from the nearby beach. He began to swim seaward. His squadron mates zoomed over, made several blazing runs down the beach, and stopped the shore fire. A junk set out from the beach, but was sunk by the jets. Within a short time, an Albatross rescue plane splashed down and

hoisted McNeil aboard. But one of the Albatross' engines had been drenched during the landing. Not until a crewman climbed out on the wing and dried the spark plugs by hand could the plane take off.

Taken to Danang, McNeil was treated for bruised thighs and a torn thumb, was guest of honor at a champagne-and-steak dinner thrown by Air Force pilots. Next day he was flown back to his ship, and last week, hobbling painfully about the big carrier, he said: "With a little luck, I'll be flying again in a few days."

The Cargo Carrier

CAPTAIN JAMES A. AYRES, 27, a tall Texan with a wife and three children in Lubbock, pilots an Army C-123 transport plane. He has flown more than 350 missions, averaged more than 100 air hours a month since January. "These have been the fastest eleven months in my life," he says, "and I wouldn't trade them for anything."

Ayres is a member of the 309th Air Commando Squadron, operating out of Saigon. His missions take him throughout South Viet Nam and over Laos. Often behind the controls for seven or eight hours at a stretch, Ayres hauls cargo ("everything from ammunition to pigs") and troops in and out of dangerous jungle strips. His C-123, a juicy target, has been hit three times.

Last week Ayres spent most of his time transporting gasoline from airbase to airbase for use by planes attacking the Viet Cong. It was not a very glamorous assignment, but it was essential. Says Ayres: "Every day we add something to our conduct of this war, and it's finally beginning to pay off. If we're just not pulled off, we're going to win this. We can bring more power to bear than any other nation on earth, and thank heavens we're finally starting to use it."

The Commander in Chief

In that statement, Ayres certainly spoke for the vast majority of American fighting men in Viet Nam—for Risner and Rogers, for Skunk Hunter

Hunt and for Mac the Fac, for Niedringhaus and Necaise, for Dodson and Bradley and McNeil.

It has been a long, ugly war, and it will undoubtedly get longer and uglier. But the increased use of American strength has begun to pay off. Communist powers have retaliated mostly with shrieks of anger: "Moscow last week threatened, not for the first time, to permit 'volunteers' to go to South Viet Nam if the U.S. continues its 'aggression.'" There is aerial reconnaissance evidence that a site is being set up near Hanoi for Russian-made SAM II antiaircraft missiles.

But at the same time, the work being done by the American combatants, given a greater but still limited amount of combat leeway, is having its intended effect: it is hiking the price of aggression to the point where Hanoi and Peking obviously are beginning to wonder whether it is worth the cost. Last week even a left-wing French journalist, recently a visitor in North Viet Nam, reported that the Hanoi government was alarmed and astonished by the American stand, that it might be starting to look for a way out of continuing a more and more costly conflict (see *THE WORLD*). Keeping up the pressure, the U.S. made plans for an even greater expansion of its naval forces in the area, while top-level U.S. military officials prepared to fly to Honolulu at week's end for a conference on Far Eastern strategy.

And the American combatant in Viet Nam could certainly find encouragement in the words of his Commander in Chief. Last weekend President Johnson, even while announcing that the "window to peace is still open," vowed once more that unless and until South Viet Nam's independence and sovereignty are assured, there "is no human power capable of forcing us from Viet Nam. We will remain as long as necessary, with the might required, whatever the risk and whatever the cost."

That is about all Risner and his fellow fighting men could or would ask for.

THE ADMINISTRATION

The Lone American

Of all the Americans killed in the Viet Nam war, only two have been civilians. One was Barbara Robbins, a secretary who died in the terrorist bombing of the U.S. embassy in Saigon last month. The other was Joseph W. Grainger, 39, an employee of the Agency for International Development. Grainger was captured by a Viet Cong patrol last August. He was shot and killed in January. Only last week, after a laborious compilation of the evidence, were U.S. officials able to recount the last, desperate days of a lone American in an unforfeiting land.

Grainger was a scholarly, quiet young man who had devoted his adult years to a search for some fulfilling engagement with life. He grew up in Meriden, Conn., joined the Army Air Forces after high school, later studied anthropology and sociology at Yale. He became a troop-ferrying pilot during the Korean War, then tried civilian life again. In 1958 he became a civilian historian for the Air Force, by 1964 had spent two years in South Viet Nam in that capacity.

Roadblocks. Though he had a wife and four children, Grainger was determined to do something more directly toward helping win the war: he got a job with AID and took an assignment in Phu Yen province, a hilly coastal area between Saigon and the North Viet Nam border. He was the only American in a region bristling with Viet Cong. In a short time, Grainger had begun to succeed in helping develop agricultural facilities, urban electrification, schools and health centers. "By the end of the summer," he wrote his mother and sister last May, "I hope to have 24-hour-a-day [electric] power. This will be an accomplishment for me. Tuy Hoa is the capital of the province and, therefore, must be the showplace. We can show the

people in the villages and hamlets what the government can do and will do for them. It is slow, but we are making headway, as the concepts are filtering out to the countryside."

On Saturday, Aug. 8, Grainger and two aides—a Vietnamese and a Filipino—set out in a pickup truck from Tuy Hoa to a sugar cane experimental station in Tan My, 21 miles away. Grainger was driving hard, since a leisurely pace on any road in that province is an invitation to attack. He passed two lightly manned government roadblocks, ignoring signals to turn back. At length he came to another roadblock, this one held by four Viet Cong. As Grainger tried to race through the block, a hand grenade landed in the road in front of the truck and exploded, shattering the back window. Cut by flying glass and shrapnel, Grainger slammed on the brakes, tried to turn the truck around. But blinded by his own blood, he backed up instead into a roadside canal. He and his companions broke free from the truck and swam to the far bank of the canal, only to fall into the hands of another Viet Cong patrol.

Escape? For four months, the three men, tightly bound, were paraded through villages and hamlets as living displays of "captured imperialist aggressors." On Dec. 26, after signing statements supporting the Viet Cong, Grainger's two companions were released. They reported that the American was still in captivity, chained and guarded in a remote cave. He was in good health, they said; the Viet Cong had fed them well and had scrupulously deducted the cost of their food from the money taken from them.

Grainger, meanwhile, had learned of the release of the two men and now demanded his own freedom. When the Viet Cong refused, Grainger went on a five-day hunger strike. That was around Jan. 1. Five days later—how it happened nobody knows—Grainger managed to slip his chains and escape.

For seven days, the Viet Cong stalked him in the jungles, but Grainger hid in a marsh. Then, on Jan. 12, the Communists, drawn to the vicinity by the sounds of water buffaloes snorting nervously, found him. Grainger was standing by a small stream, clad only in his shorts. He was washing the mud from his clothes. The soldiers ordered him to surrender, but he tried to run, and a soldier named Hai downed him with a single shot. He was carried to a nearby hamlet, where after five hours without medical aid he died.

A PERT Man for the CIA

The public-relations men at Aerojet-General Corp. in El Monte, Calif., were puzzled. A company vice president, William F. ("Red") Raborn, 59, had advised them: "You might want to have some biographical material on me available." Then he took off on a mysterious trip to Texas.

The mystery was soon explained: Ra-



"RED" RABORN

On nobody's list—except Lyndon's.

born, a retired Navy vice admiral, had gone to Texas to see President Johnson—and to hear himself named director of the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency, replacing John A. McCone. At the same time, the President announced the appointment of Richard McGarrah Helms, 52, an experienced CIA cloak-and-dagger man, as Raborn's top deputy.

The search for a successor to McCone had been going on ever since last June, when McCone let it be known that he wanted to leave his controversial job. The names of at least 40 men had been bandied about. But Raborn was on nobody's list of possibilities—nobody's, that is, except Lyndon Johnson's. The President remembered Raborn as an administrative genius who developed the Navy's Polaris missile system three years ahead of schedule. And what he wanted was an administrative genius as head of the CIA—which can certainly use one.

The Treatment. A Texas-born Annapolis graduate (class of '28), Raborn started out in World War II as an aviator, later became executive officer of the flatfoot *Hancock*. When a kamikaze pilot plowed into the *Hancock's* flight deck off the coast of Japan in April 1945, Raborn got the deck patched up in four hours—in time to permit the carrier's planes to land safely from a mission. He won a Silver Star for his effort.

In 1955, Chief of Naval Operations Arleigh Burke summoned Raborn to Washington, placed him in charge of a program aimed at developing a solid-fuel, nuclear-armed, 1,500-mile missile that could be fired from a submarine. The project wound up involving more than 20,000 separate contracts and a budget of \$3.5 billion. Raborn operated throughout with a bare-bones staff. "I can get more out of one overworked man than out of two underworked



JOSEPH GRAINGER
In an unforfeiting land.

men," he said. He kept his people on the job seven days a week, and when their enthusiasm flagged, he gave them what he called the "Rahorn rededication treatment." This was a cross between a half-time pep talk and a Fourth of July speech. Said one dazed aide after getting the treatment: "I knew that I was ready to die for someone, but I didn't know whether it was the admiral, the President, my mother, the head of the Boy Scouts or who."

Drowned in Data. More than anything else, Rahorn made use of a then-obscure management system known as PERT (for Program Evaluation Review Technique). Using PERT, Rahorn set precise timetables for each phase of the enormously complicated program, thus assured that everything would mesh without time-wasting gaps or overlaps in the schedule. He papered the walls of his office with flow charts indicating the progress of every major phase of the Polaris program—the missile, the sub, the navigational and fire-control systems, training of the crew, securing of overseas bases, establishment of communications relays. Result: the first Polaris missile was successfully test-fired from a submerged sub in July 1960 instead of the scheduled target date in 1963.

Rahorn seems made to order for the CIA. As the free-world's guiding intelligence agency, the CIA's operations are supersecret. When things go wrong, the agency is a perfect scapegoat because, as Dwight Eisenhower once said, "success cannot be advertised; failure cannot be explained."

Yet despite the fact that it is often blamed when it should not be, and almost never praised when it should be, there is little doubt that the CIA needs an expert administrative hand at its helm. "If the admiral doesn't apply his PERT to this outfit," one CIA official said last week, "we'll be drowned in data." The agency receives an average of 2,000 top-secret messages every 24 hours from all over the globe. It has a card-file index of more than 50 million documents. Such sophisticated devices as long-range cameras, sensitive radios and space-surveillance systems relentlessly pour in additional miles of film and tons of other data.

Seining the Ocean. This ocean of information must be seined, boiled down, turned into coherent estimates of enemy capabilities and intentions, and by 6 p.m. each day summarized in a five-page, top-secret intelligence paper sent to the White House for Lyndon Johnson to read. It all seems impossible; yet there is widespread agreement that Rahorn can do it if anyone can. The only doubts expressed about his appointment stem from the fact that he has had no experience whatever in intelligence work *per se*. Yet even the doubters admit that the CIA needs an administrator more than it needs a sort of 007 master spy.

CIVIL RIGHTS

Charge to the Jury

Alabama's Circuit Judge James A. Hare, 58, was born on a plantation and has never been able to forget it. "These bleeding hearts who dash down here—all they've done is read the Declaration of Independence and think they can solve this problem," he once said. As he sees it, the racial conflict in Selma stems from the fact that most of the town's "Nigras" are Ebos and Angols, which he believes are the two most backward tribes of the six from which all U.S. Negroes are descended (the others, according to Hare: Bur-burs, Kaffirs, Gullas and Guineas). The judge is convinced that Ebos and Angols are genetically incapable of achieving IQs beyond 65. "They're like white riffs and river rats," he said recently.

Last week Judge Hare addressed an



ALABAMA'S JUDGE HARE

The trouble is "Ebos" and "Angols."

all-white, 18-member Selma grand jury investigating the March 9 murder of Boston's Rev. James J. Reeb. After the jury heard testimony from ten witnesses, Hare began his charge by reviewing Selma's problems for the past two years and attributing them all to the fact that a cabal of civil rights groups, the Justice Department and the Department of the Army had "selected Selma for assassination back in the fall of 1963."

Since then, said Hare, "we have been subjected to something fantastic and terroristic. Many self-anointed saints took it upon themselves to come here to help us solve our problems. Many of the ministers of the Gospel who came here would do well to stack their picket signs and get back in the pulpit." Integration, he said, "will solve no social problems; it will probably create them. It is just one of those things we have got to live through. It may be pretty rough living." But rough as it had been, he sighed, Selma's whites had "shown unbelievable restraint."

Despite the judge's 40-minute oration, the jury returned murder indictments against three men: O'Neal Hoggie, 30; his brother, William Stanley Hoggie, 36; and Elmer L. Cook, 41, who has a record of 26 arrests since 1948 and has been fined at least 13 times on an assortment of assault and battery convictions. A fourth man, R. B. Kelley, 30, who was arrested with the others after Reeb was fatally clubbed and signed a statement for police, was not indicted. The others are expected to be tried in October. Hearing the case, in all likelihood, will be Circuit Judge James Hare.

THE PRESIDENCY

Starting to Settle

The Succession Question

On Aug. 27, 1787, John Dickinson of Delaware, a member of the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia, raised a ticklish question relating to the matter of succession in the event of a President's disability. "What is the extent of the term 'disability,'" asked Dickinson, "and who is to be the judge of it?" The question was swiftly referred to a committee—where it stayed.

Last week, 177 years later, the U.S. Congress came close to providing an answer. By a vote of 368 to 29, the House of Representatives passed a resolution proposing a constitutional amendment which provides that:

- ▶ If the vice-presidency becomes vacant, the President can nominate a Vice President, his choice subject to confirmation by a majority vote of each House of Congress.
- ▶ If the President declares himself unable to carry out his duties, the Vice President becomes Acting President until such time as the President indicates that he is able to resume office.
- ▶ If necessary, the Vice President and a majority of the Cabinet can declare a President mentally or physically unable to continue in office, and the Vice President immediately becomes Acting President. In such a case, the President can resume office on his own declaration of fitness—unless, within two days, the Vice President and a Cabinet majority state that he still is disabled. In that event, Congress would convene within 48 hours to resolve the issue within ten days. Unless a two-thirds majority of both Senate and House declared him incapable, the President would resume office.

In the House debate, New York's Democratic Representative Emanuel Celler, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, made an impassioned plea. "We have trifled with fate long enough on this question of presidential inability," said Celler. "We can no longer delay. Delay is the art of keeping up with yesterday. We must keep abreast of tomorrow." But some Representatives had misgivings. Said Ohio Republican Clarence Brown: "Under certain cir-

cumstances, a vacancy could exist in the vice-presidency and a President could name a billy goat as Vice President and some Congresses would approve of that nomination."

But all such doubts were overridden by the testimony of House Speaker John McCormack, a man who knew what he was talking about. In a House speech, he recalled how, during the 14 months between John Kennedy's assassination and Lyndon Johnson's inauguration for a full term, McCormack himself was next in line. "A matter of great concern to me," he said, "was the vacuum which existed in the subject of determining inability of the occupant of the White House, if and when that should arise."

In his office safe, McCormack reminded the House, was a written agreement between himself and Johnson that outlined McCormack's responsibilities if Johnson became disabled. That agreement, he said, was not only "outside the law," but valueless as well, since "I could never have made the decision" to declare Johnson unfit. Added McCormack: "There are so many human considerations involved. For example, my motives might well be impugned. Also, there could be the feeling that I might be involved in a quest for personal power."

The resolution now goes to the Senate, which already has passed a similar measure, for its concurrence. After that, three-fourths of the 50 state legislatures must ratify it before it can become an amendment.

DISASTERS

Up the Alley

To meteorologists at the Severe Local Storms Forecasting Center in Kansas City, Mo., the signs were ominous. A turbulent low-pressure system was building up in eastern Kansas, creating the conditions that breed tornadoes. Out went the first of a series of warnings. But to thousands of citizens living in "Tornado Alley," a vast band of land extending about 400 miles on each side of a line from Fort Worth to Detroit, the warnings were old stuff, and therefore to be ignored.

Then the tornadoes came. In two days, 45 twisters tore through the Midwest, most of them following three distinct paths across portions of Iowa, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan and Ohio. Capricious and unpredictable, they left 243 people dead, an estimated 5,000 injured, and countless others homeless, while the cost in property damage ran to more than \$200 million.

Mushroom Stem. In Goshen, Ind., Elkhart County Sheriff Woody Caton heard about a tornado on his police ra-

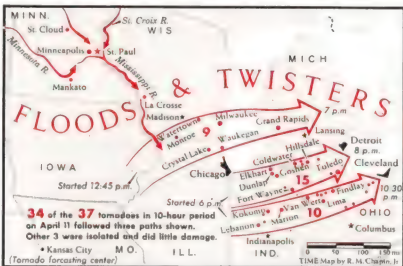
dio at home. He ran for his car and drove toward a trailer park directly in the twister's path. He got there just after the tornado passed over. "God, what a sight!" he reported. "It was an unbelievable mess. Ninety-two trailers had been completely leveled. Another dozen were upended. Trailers were ripped from their frames, squashed and twisted. Some were tossed onto the highway. Everyone I saw was covered with blood. There wasn't a thing left of the paved sidewalks, trees or hedges. Power lines were down. It looked like a giant auto-crushing machine had simply chewed the place up. There were several people dead. So we stacked them over here and stacked them over there."

As the sheriff's rescue teams worked in the debris, another tornado whipped into sight. "It looked as if it was coming right for us," said Caton. "It looked very big. It didn't have that kind of

injured when the bus in which they were riding was spun over onto its roof. The tornado charged into a small housing development, flattened 25 homes, killed six people.

In Grand Rapids, Mich., 56-year-old Earl Dove batted down his home, and started to move his family into the basement; the next thing he remembers is finding himself on a heap of splintered lumber, 50 ft. from the house. In Goldwater, Mich., a four-inch piece of straw flew like a steel-tipped arrow and imbedded itself in a woman's neck. In Strongsville, Ohio, near Cleveland, a baby was sucked out of a house and hurled to its death—still in its bassinet. The same vacuum pressure pulled the wedding ring from the finger of the baby's mother.

Floods. President Johnson, along with Congressmen who represent the stricken areas, flew to the Midwest to see the



corkscrew-type spiral. This one looked like the stem off the ugliest kind of mushroom I'd ever want to see." The tornado shifted course, and the sheriff jumped into his car to follow it. He arrived at a residential section about two miles away to see a nightmare of death and walking wounded amid a totally shattered landscape. "Trees were twisted and twisted again and then ripped in half," said Caton. "The tornadoes seared paint off cars, squeezed them together like accordions, or exploded them as if by dynamite."

Under the Overpass. The story was the same wherever the twisters struck. Near Toledo, Ohio, a tornado picked up one family's car and hurled it into a creek, killing two small boys and injuring their parents. A few yards away, it ripped the roof from a two-story house, leaving the occupants untouched. A truck driver tried to find shelter beneath an overpass, but the twister scooped him out and turned his truck over. Along the Toledo-Detroit expressway, four people were killed and eight others

damaged for himself. He walked through the debris, examined the destruction, talked to survivors, assured them that the Government would help them get back on their feet again. When he left, his face reflected the same anguish that he had seen in the eyes of the tornado victims.

As if it were not enough that the storms had wrought such suffering, people in cities and towns along the northern portion of the Mississippi River got ready for new troubles. Early last week the spring thaws from the north began sending countless tons of water hurtling down the river. Thousands of residents in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa evacuated their homes as the river rose as much as 12 ft. above flood stage; in St. Paul it crested at 27 ft., in Minneapolis at 21 ft. Parts of the region already were under water as townspeople rushed to the riverbanks to help man the levees. Red Cross stations were ready with food and first aid while the mighty river roiled and rose. And worse was expected to come.

* The proposed amendment does not change the law of presidential succession; the Speaker of the House would still be next in line after the Vice President.

THE WORLDWIDE STATUS OF DEMOCRACY

"Oh, liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" The plaint heard during the French Revolution is still widely applicable today. But perhaps even more pertinent would be a variation: "Oh, democracy, what travesties are perpetrated in thy name!" Everybody all over the world seems to want democracy, at least nominally. It is a coveted political status symbol, a powerful fetish. Yet Jefferson and Burke might very well lose their faith in reason or possibly flip their whigs, if they could survey some of the systems that today take democracy's name in vain.

Stalin called his tyranny "democratic centralism." The most irremediably bleak and oppressive of the European satellites, East Germany, styles itself the German Democratic Republic. For that matter, all the satellites are fond of calling themselves "peoples' democracies." That tag was adopted by Indonesian Dictator Sukarno after he gave up the patently absurd mislabel of "guided democracy"—which has now been picked up by Malawi President H. Kamuzu Banda, who explains blandly, "I am a dictator by the will of the people." Southern Rhodesian Premier Ian Smith, busy developing a political hammer lock to keep some 250,000 whites in power over the nation's 4,000,000 blacks, insists that what he is about is "responsible democracy." Pakistan's Ayub Khan had no sooner seized power in a military *coup d'état* seven years ago than he set his nation upon the arbitrary road of "basic democracy."

Woodrow Wilson's World War I pledge to "make the world safe for democracy" is nowadays often considered naive. President Kennedy spoke instead of "making the world safe for diversity." Yet the Wilsonian hope—which does not intend to impose democracy on anyone but only to create conditions in which it can live—remains a noble aim and a valid, long-range objective for American policy. The U.S. no longer insists that "real" democracy must conform to a particular version of the parliamentary or presidential system. But any meaningful definition of democracy must meet certain minimum conditions. The ancient Greeks had some careful notions about democracy, and none better than Jason's eloquent appeal in Euripides' *Medea* that,

*A good Greek land hath been
Thy lasting home, not barbarity. Thou hast seen
Our ordered life, and justice, and the long
Still grasp of law not changing with the strong
Man's pleasure . . .*

In practice, democracy at the very least requires periodic free elections in which a representative majority of citizens may elect (or dismiss) a government. Most political scientists would demand more: one or more organized opposition parties to guarantee genuine choices, freedom from arbitrary arrest or intimidation, a free press, an independent judiciary, mechanisms guaranteeing the rights of minorities, and a system to protect or improve the economic well-being of all citizens.

Genuine Democracies

By such stiff tests, there are scarcely more than two-score genuinely functioning democracies. But they embrace about 40% of the world's 3.2 billion people. Another 40% live under the "barbarity" of totalitarian rule, the rest in political halfway houses. The governments that most closely meet the democratic tests are, of course, concentrated in the U.S., the old British Commonwealth and Western Europe. In the nature of things, none is perfect, and some are deeply troubled. None achieved democracy quickly, easily, or as the gift of any master. Nobles had to bend to kings, kings had to die on the block, and a middle class had to rise from turmoil before the stubborn will to freedom finally took concrete shape in constitutions, parliaments and electorates.

Inevitably, less effort and less time have gone into the development of younger democracies. Latin America boasts

half a dozen democratic regimes—at the moment. The stablest are Chile, with more than 40 years of fairly literate, honest politics, and Costa Rica. The others are Peru, Venezuela, Colombia and Uruguay, and they are all beset in varying degrees by violence and the threat of periodic coups. But at least at present, their democratic machinery is more or less intact.

In Asia, India can rightfully claim to be the world's largest democracy—although it is in effect a one-party state, so dominant is the ruling Congress Party. But trying to impose a classic two-party system on the welter of Indian politics could only lead to total breakdown. Besides, other parties do freely exist, and within itself the Congress Party contains and balances off so many shades of opinion and interests that it is virtually a coalition government. One of the most serious dangers to Indian democracy is corruption in the civil service, essentially a symptom of economic and political insecurity. This also besets other nations: the Philippines, for instance, are often described as a "tropical Tammany."

Japan had modern democracy thrust upon it by the U.S. conquerors after World War II. The Japanese tradition of obedience made it work rather dutifully and mechanically at first, but today, despite occasional street riots and parliamentary mayhem, Japan shows every sign of developing into one of the world's most intelligent democracies.

Newly formed Malaysia is democratic in all respects but one: it discriminates against its Chinese population in jobs and government posts simply because the Malays are so far behind in wealth and education that they need time—and special privileges—to catch up. Though scarcely stable, Ceylon has twice during the last ten years voted out incumbent governments in more or less orderly transition.

In Africa and the Middle East (with the exception of Israel), democracy has fared less well. Zambia, with a vigorous multiparty system, meets most tests, and Morocco, blessed with 1,100 years of national identity, has made the transition to parliamentary democracy fairly smoothly. Uganda is a democracy by virtue of a more dubious blessing—a dissident Buganda minority still so fiercely loyal to their tribal monarch that Premier Milton Obote is forcibly prevented from creating the one-party state he would like.

Dictatorships

At the other end of the political spectrum, authoritarianism abounds, much of it under the Marxist rifle butts. Not that Communist dictatorships are identical. Russia's European satellites have loosened up of late, and so in a way has Russia itself, although none of the Red nations permits political opposition or significant public dissent.

There are non-Communist regimes that are no better, and in some cases worse. Algerians spent eight bloody years winning their independence from France only to have Ben Bella set up a repressive police state. Ghanaian "Redeemer" Nkrumah has created an autocracy in which his own name is even written into the constitution as President. Democracy in Iraq has been all but drowned in blood, and there is little democratic hope to find among the Arab fiefdoms of the Middle East and the bleak dictatorships of Bolivia, Paraguay and Haiti in Latin America.

Some countries automatically classified as dictatorships have grown relatively mellow, among them Spain and Portugal, which are relaxed in comparison with the darker Red regimes or many African one-party states. In fact, Portugal allows presidential elections of sorts, and has been described, not altogether cynically, as a "police democracy."

Some nations, like Turkey and Ecuador, are perhaps only temporarily non-democracies—under military rule because the army stepped in to prevent chaos when the processes of democracy broke down. South Americans have long been accustomed to that phenomenon, and the Ecu-

dorians knowingly assess their present government as a *dictablanda* or soft dictatorship. No one is very surprised that the current *dictablanda* has adopted the *Alianza*'s platform of social and economic reforms and may push more of it through than a civilian government could.

Like Ethiopia, Libya and Cambodia, there are non-democracies that are authoritarian by force of habit. Emperor Haile Selassie, in 35 years of rule over his backward country, has done more for the welfare of his nation than some blustering democratic regimes: he has even tried to introduce a few democratic forms, but the Ethiopians are not very interested.

Curiously, many authoritarian nations seem unnecessarily oppressive because, if their governments held free elections, their peoples would almost certainly return them to power. Among them: Franco's Spain, Nasser's Egypt, and the Soviet Union itself. But though the regimes might win the first time around, they might not the next.

Doubtful Democracies

Between the democratic and authoritarian extremes lies a multitude of nations in diverse conditions of polity. At best they are dubious democracies, though they can look astonishingly like the real thing. South Africa, for example, has a meaningful two-party system, a literate electorate, a long and stable parliamentary tradition. But in reality, South Africa suppresses any real dissent and rests, like an ancient Greek city-state, on a slave base. Nigeria is often praised as black Africa's premier democracy. But Nigeria is really two nations: the liberal and enlightened south, and the north (more a medieval Islamic caliphate than a modern democracy), clasped in tenuous and sometimes internecine union.

Technically, Mexico hardly qualifies as a democracy since it is ruled by a single group, the Institutional Revolutionary Party. The P.R.I. is a coalition of nearly every political faction in the nation, and every six years puts on a U.S.-style orgy of elections for the one presidential candidate on the ballot, who has been secretly selected by the P.R.I. party chiefs. Yet somehow it all works out fairly democratically, producing a metronomic swing from left to right in the P.R.I. governments. Argentina, in contrast, has the democratic forms without the music: in self-defense, the regime reserves the right to veto candidates backing exiled Dictator Juan Perón, who, were he permitted back, could make a Napoleonic return to power.

There are some dubious democracies that are evolving toward more freedom: unlike being pregnant, it is possible to be a little bit democratic. Perhaps the textbook example of how a benign dictatorship can encourage democracy is Ayub Khan, who remains a military strongman but in seven years has moved Pakistan to the point where he himself ran scared for President in this year's election—and against a 71-year-old woman at that. Similarly, Thailand, now under semiautocratic rule, is preparing a constitution. The Shah of Iran has mobilized the intellectual resources of his nation for economic, social and ultimately democratic reforms. Even that old tribal chief Jomo Kenyatta has so far proved an adroit democrat: though he maneuvered the opposition out of business, all elements of Kenya are represented in his one-party government.

The majority of black Africa's new nations have adopted one-party systems—by no means all as representative as Kenya's. The late President of Togo, Sylvanus Olympio, insisted that "the test of a democratic regime in Africa might not be the actual presence of a second party, so much as whether the regime tolerated individualists." This is not necessarily doublethink. The one-party system is an effort to come to terms with an African tradition of tribal consensus in which the elders made universally accepted decisions. In such a context the concept of a "loyal opposition" is virtually meaningless.

None of the foregoing categories are fixed. While some countries in the dubious classification work their way toward more genuine democracy, others slide back into full dictatorships. No matter how many objective measurements are applied, they do not necessarily tell the quality of a government.

Democracy is not a formula but a living process, not an ideology but a hope about the nature of man. Hence it cannot be applied from a handbook or manifesto to different peoples. It must work for the free-swinging Latin who instinctively distrusts authority and, at the other end of the emotional scale, for the passive Asian who instinctively obeys authority—or ignores it.

Obstacles & Possibilities

Perhaps the biggest single obstacle to the spread of democracy is that at its core lies a paradox—the tension between freedom and order, between the individual and society. In many parts of the world, Voltaire's ringing "I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it" is incomprehensible. The sense of individual responsibility that the Western ego has developed over the centuries is missing, and what seems in the West a rather commonplace step—voting and the individual decision that precedes it—can seem in Africa and Asia a lonely and unnatural act.

Another obstacle is the new nations' obsession to get rid of all things associated with colonialism, including democratic customs. One ready substitute is socialism—or the vague authoritarian forms that many backward countries take to be socialism—for it offers a nice, revolutionary, anti-colonial posture, and more or less handy blueprints for a centralized economy.

There are more obvious inhibitions to democracy. In the Federalist Paper No. 51, James Madison pointed out that the first requirement of a government is to be able to control the governed. From the Congo to Burma, controlling the governed—often in the face of Communist subversion—is the first order of business that leaves little energy for anything else. Some prerequisites for effective democracy, notably a respect for order and a sense of accommodation without violence, can probably be furnished only by a strong, educated middle class, which is present in few of the emerging nations.

Whatever its long-range hopes for democracy, the immediate aim of U.S. foreign policy must often be simply the containment of Communism. Hence the U.S. has grown pragmatic: it has learned that order and stability, even if relatively undemocratic, can be more important in emerging nations than a premature democracy that invites chaos. Thus the U.S. officially applauded (and some say instigated) the overthrow of a hopelessly inefficient and left-wing civilian regime in Guatemala, and cheered the downfall of a left-sliding, if popularly elected, government in Brazil.

Where, then, lies the hope for democracy? At least in part, it lies in economics. Developing nations often argue that what really matters to them is not democracy but modernization. Yet democracy has a strong economic content; it remains, despite Western moves toward collectivism in recent decades, a competitive society. The Communists claim that only some form of economic regimentation can help backward nations close the gap of centuries. The claim is almost demonstrably false, as is suggested by the Russians' own recent experiments with freer enterprise. Says Sociology Professor Edward Shils of Chicago University and Cambridge: "I have never seen any convincing evidence that one-party government is necessary for economic progress. One thing it can do, of course, is silence its critics more easily. But the Communists could never rule Africa, for instance. Communist systems require far too much organization." In the long run, the true modernizer is the free, competitive society.

Finally, the hope of democracy lies in the contagion of the idea itself. Although democracies like ancient Athens and between-wars Germany have voted themselves into the hands of authoritarians, not a single nation has ever freely voted to turn itself over to Communism. "It is a terrible truth that it costs more strength to maintain freedom than to endure the weight of tyranny," wrote Simón Bolívar. That is probably still true. But times and attitudes have changed immeasurably, and it is possible that in a modernizing, prospering world, there ultimately will be more people with more strength to keep their countries safe for democracy.

THE WORLD

NORTH VIET NAM

A Certain Reversal

The growls that emanated from Hanoi and Peking last week had all the gruff timbre of true paper tigers. Both Ho Chi Minh and Mao Tse-tung sneeringly declined to receive British Envoy Patrick Gordon Walker, who had planned a visit to discuss negotiations over Viet Nam. The U.N.'s Secretary-General U Thant got a more raucous rebuff: "U Thant is knocking at the

door from North Viet Nam have been rudely interrupted by American air strikes (as well as by malaria and dysentery along the Ho Chi Minh trail), that they are losing support among the people, and that the Communists are now regrouping in the mountain plateaus above Saigon as if for a last stand. "In short," wrote Chaffard, "a certain reversal of opinion has begun."

Postponed Visits. But Chaffard felt emphatically that the Viet Cong had lots of staying power. "Old Uncle Ho and his comrades would go back to the *maquis*," wrote Chaffard, rather than suffer a military defeat at American hands. By the same token, their Viet Cong guerrillas in the South are perfectly willing to lie low for a while until U.S. patience wears thin and they can again set out to topple the Saigon government. Meanwhile, there was still the chance that Viet Cong regiments—backed by North Vietnamese army units—might mount a concerted attack on the airbase at Danang, hoping to recoup the prestige lost in recent defeats and even perhaps to "hurl the Americans into the sea."

Although many negotiation-minded nations were still urging Washington to begin talks with Hanoi leading to neutralization (perhaps starting at a conference over Cambodia), this was clearly not the time. In fact, Lyndon Johnson appeared to be getting fed up with all the unsolicited advice pouring in from nervous Nellies. Shortly after Pakistan's President Mohammed Ayub Khan and Indian Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri demanded an end to American bombings of North Viet Nam as a precondition to peace talks, the White House asked them to postpone the trips to the United States that each had planned this spring. Washington's official excuse: "the congressional work load."



HO CHI MINH
Winning?

wrong door," bellowed Peking to the suggestion of U.N. involvement. Ho dismissed Lyndon Johnson's offer of "unconditional discussions" over Viet Nam as "stinking of poison gas," and demanded complete withdrawal of U.S. forces as the starting point for any true talks.

The Subjunctive. Yet beneath the bluster there were signs that the Reds were running scared. Ho couched his demands in a clever, diplomatic subjunctive that could easily allow him to make withdrawal of U.S. forces an end—rather than a precondition—to negotiations. Did this suggest that the Communists were finally winning under the increased application of U.S. air power both north and south of the 17th parallel?

Maybe so. In the French news magazine *L'Express*, a leftist reporter freshly returned from a month-long sojourn among the Communist Viet Cong, implied as much. Asian Specialist Georges Chaffard said that the Viet Cong are demoralized by continued U.S. bombings in the South, that their supplies

expert at flushing hidden Simbas out of the bush. By last week, the only semblance of rebel resistance was a few sporadic ambushes near the Sudan border, and Hoare expected that patrol action would soon halt these.

Behind them as they fled, the Simbas left most of the Russian and Chinese arms which had been so carefully airlifted to them in recent months. Included in the mercenaries' catch were at least 20 tons of ammunition, mortars, bazookas and recoilless rifles—



MERCENARIES' & DEAD SIMBAS
Winning.

most of which the confused and disorganized rebel bands apparently did not know how to use.

With the northeast largely cleaned out, the only troublesome rebel pockets were in several villages northwest of Stanleyville and a small area around Fizi near the northern tip of Lake Tanganyika. Feeling that his job was over, Hoare turned up at Premier Moise Tshombe's office to present his resignation. Tshombe would not hear of it. "What can I give you to make you stay?" he pleaded, promising him a house for his family and other inducements. Flattered, Hoare at last agreed to remain, probably until June, when the results of the Congo's current general elections are complete. They should strengthen the Tshombe government enough to allow the Premier to get down to the necessary business of establishing sound political administration in the troubled regions of his large and chaotic nation.

* Including Mike Hoare (at right) and "Black Watch" tribesmen wearing white headbands.

THE CONGO

A Certain Goin

Back to Leopoldville last week flew Mercenary Commander Lieut. Colonel Mike Hoare to declare: "As far as I am concerned, the war in the northeast is over."

Allotted nine weeks to drive the Congolese rebels out of their last major stronghold, Hoare's force needed only three. "We had been misinformed about the strength of our opponent, his preparedness and his willingness to fight," said Mike. As it turned out, the Simbas' will was next to nil. Moreover, local tribes were working against them; in some localities, villagers captured fleeing rebels, delivered them gleefully to the mercenaries. One chieftain sent Hoare 100 warriors to serve as scouts; dubbed the "Black Watch," they proved

GREAT BRITAIN

Ready to Knock Hell

In Washington last week, Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson accomplished one miracle—he made President Lyndon B. Johnson look like a fashion plate. As newsmen crowded into Johnson's White House office they found Wilson slouched on a couch by the fireplace, pipe in hand, wearing a wrinkled dark grey suit, greyish socks, brown shoes, and a tie colored a muddy green.

Toddy, Tobacco, Telly. But Wilson seemed completely at his ease, and with every reason. As Britain's first Socialist head of government in 13 years, Wilson from the beginning has acted like a man with an overwhelming mandate instead of the narrow four-vote majority with which he squeaked into office last October. At home, he has proved deft and effective in managing the balance-of-payments crisis that nearly shipwrecked the pound. Tough as any Tory, he slapped higher taxes and fees on those workman staples toddy, tobacco and the telly, and the rank and file scarcely noticed, so busy were they applauding his simultaneous thwack on the expense-account set. Abroad, Wilson has managed to get on agreeably with the leaders of France and West Germany—no easy feat, particularly in Paris. Despite anguished cries from the pacifist left of his own party, Wilson has supported the U.S. in Viet Nam and made plain his intention to keep Britain's far-flung military establishment intact and in service to the West from Aden to Malaysia.

Before his brief visit with Johnson, Dean Rusk and other Administration officials, Wilson stopped off in New York for some plain talk to what he once called the "gnomes"—the world financiers. Assembled by the Economic Club of New York at the Waldorf, they got a Yorkshireman's earful. Wilson began by ribbing those "who have backed with good money" their belief that Britain would be forced to devalue the pound and who are now "licking their wounds, as I warned them they would." He added the neatly cynical point that if he had intended to devalue the pound, "political considerations would have dictated doing it on that very first day" when he took office—thus enabling him to blame it on the defeated Tories.

Unlike Canute, Wilson then outlined an ambitious ten-pronged Labor program for "Britain's industrial regeneration," adding, to his American business audience, "Given the response of which our people are capable, be under no illusions we shall be ready to knock hell out of you."

It was a fiery and fighting speech and an impressive affirmation of Wilson's

determination to continue to defend the pound, and use every orthodox monetary and fiscal tool to get Britain's creaking economy moving again. Not everyone was convinced that Wilson's new budget (TIME, April 16) can do the job as well as he hopes. One banker reminded the Prime Minister of the fate of King Canute who ordered the tide to recede—and ended up a wet-back. Replied Wilson cockily: "I, unlike Canute, have waited until high tide before giving my command."

High tide or not, the wave of speculation against the pound has eased in the world's money marts. In any case, if Britain really tries to knock hell out of the U.S. economically, chances are



WILSON & HOST
Managing.

Wilson will have to stick to the kind of orthodox techniques that he prescribed in his new budget fortnight ago—techniques that bitterly disappoint old line Socialists. But the latter, who cling to the old simplistic view of the U.S. "robber baron" economy, are a dying breed, if for no other reason than the astonishing performance of the U.S. economy, which through a combination of Keynesian devices and tough business competition, has sustained an unprecedented four-year period of industrial expansion.

ITALY

The Hot Iron

The most striking thing about Italy last week was just that. Not for years had the nation witnessed so far-reaching a surge of strikes. From Milan to Messina, from Bologna to Brindisi, men strutted the streets with banners, sat stubbornly with arms folded in occupied factories or simply stayed home. There was no common denominator to the strikes, no overall pattern of agitation as in the past, but rather a vague

feeling among Italian workers that the iron was hot. And strike they did.

Railroads ground to a halt at the height of the Holy week tourist influx—highest since the war—as 185,000 workers walked out for 24 hours in protest against "clandestine" bonuses (\$200 apiece) awarded to 2,800 white-collar types. Simultaneously, doctors in three of Italy's 30 medical unions struck, demanding higher wages and better working conditions in clinics. Then the opera went on strike, darkening stages just before performances of Strauss's *Fledermaus* in Rome, and Rossini's *Moses* at Milan's La Scala.

In Florence, city employees turned off the gas; in Genoa, gardeners walked away from their flowers; throughout Italy, telephone operators engaged in a "hiccup strike"—disregarding calls or answering them irregularly. Even the Coca-Cola bottling plant in Rome closed down, as workers popped their caps for more money. Within the past month, the Bank of Italy, the Italian Atomic Energy Commission, Rome's 36 nightclubs and the rubber industry have been struck, and last week officials of the Treasury and Finance Ministry walked out—thus giving Italian taxpayers a 48-hour breather on their income tax.

At the root of the unrest lies Italy's chronic inflation—a problem which Premier Aldo Moro's Socialist-Christian Democratic coalition government has had a hard time handling. Moro is due to visit Washington this week, but if things go on as they have been, he may find the whole country on strike when he returns. Sophisticated Romans shrugged it all off as just another piquant manifestation of life in Italy today. Not Milan's *Corriere della Sera*, which warned that the strike wave of 1919-22 "exasperated the population and was a cause—far from secondary—for the public favoring nascent fascism."

Pietro & Paul

At the Archway of Bells, the main entrance to Vatican City, the unfamiliar guest had to show his special pass to the Swiss Guards. Once admitted, however, he was whisked to the Apostolic Palace and received by Pope Paul VI in a private, 50-minute audience—twice as long as the pontiff normally gives, and longer than the audience granted to John F. Kennedy. The visitor: Italy's tough old Socialist Party chieftain, Pietro Nenni, 74, an unregenerate unbeliever and onetime Stalin Prize winner.

Dark Mutter. Rome was startled, and with reason. "Nenni is the first Italian Socialist to pass through the doors of the Vatican," trumpeted the Socialist newspaper *Avanti*, while many of his fellow Socialists were scandalized. And, though Nenni and the Pope did little more than exchange pleasantries, Rome's neo-Fascist *Il Secolo* muttered darkly that the meeting "never should have taken place," being a dangerous



NENNI AT THE VATICAN
Pleasantries with the agnostic.

and unnecessary concession to Communists and fellow travelers.

Nenni, of course, is hardly a fellow traveler these days, having split with the Communists over the 1956 Hungarian revolt and finally joined the Christian Democrats as Vice Premier in the present government. But he is after all, an agnostic who still vigorously upholds the Socialist Party's long tradition of anticlericalism, attacks Vatican exemption from dividend taxes, and refuses to support his coalition partners, the Vatican-backed Christian Democrats, on state aid to parochial schools.

Still, no party can afford to be too anticlerical in Italy, where even the Communist mayor in the comic novel comes to Don Camillo to have his child baptized Lenin. And the Communist Party's amazing 18% gain in votes in the 1963 elections (partly at the expense of Nenni's Socialists) was credited by many to the much-publicized friendly reception given by Pope John XXIII to Nikita Khrushchev's son-in-law Aleksei Adzhubei.

Good for Votes. Pope Paul could not fail to notice that Nenni was among the ranking government officials at the airport to see him off on his trip to the Holy Land last year. Then, last December, Nenni was on hand with greetings when Paul returned from India. On that occasion, the Pope went out of his way to wonder why "we are destined to meet only on such occasions." When Nenni departed to discuss John's *Pacem in Terris* encyclical at a recent Manhattan conference (TIME, Feb. 26), Paul's best wishes were relayed to Nenni at the Rome airport. On his return, Nenni requested his audience.

The welcome he got should be good for a lot of votes, and if the faction-ridden Christian Democrats ever lose an election, the Vatican might not oppose Nenni for the premiership. Nenni

himself can hardly be unaware that a former Socialist, Giuseppe Saragat, who converted to Roman Catholicism three years ago, succeeded to the presidency early this year.

BERLIN

Dream of a Bigger Bone

To keep their German shepherds mean, hungry and on the alert for escapees, East German police at the Berlin Wall feed the guard dogs just once every 48 hours. The only trouble with such severe rationing is that the dogs themselves often develop a hankering for a bigger bone in the West. In the past year, at least three have slipped the leash to swim or dash into West Berlin.

Obviously, this revanchist fascist activity had to stop. Last week, as the latest escapee dog paddled his way to freedom across the Spandau ship canal, the Grepos machine-pistoled him down with seven slugs. Sinking in mid-stream, he became the 58th victim—and the first dog—to die since 1961 while trying to enter West Berlin from the East German democratic workers' paradise.

WEST GERMANY

The Other Franz Josef

Until the outcry against his high-handed policing of the magazine *Der Spiegel* forced him to resign from Konrad Adenauer's Cabinet 2½ years ago, Bavaria's bull-necked Franz Josef Strauss, now 49, was the fair-haired *Knabe* of Christian Democratic politics. Even in Munich he has remained a power to Ludwig Erhard to reckon with because he heads the 50 delegates of the Christian Social Union, the C.D.U.'s affiliate in Bavaria. Nonetheless, as Strauss was re-elected C.S.U. leader in Munich last week amid the redolence of *wurst*, beer and cigar smoke, it was clear that Franz Josef was as imperial—and imperious—as ever, and a far less palatable Bavarian export than Löwenbräu.

To be sure, the C.S.U. delegates gave him an overwhelming mandate, 643 out of 705 ballots. But that was because Strauss's fellow C.S.U. leaders did not want to rock the boat in an election year. Privately, they are furious with him over his continuing feud with Hamburg's *Spiegel*. The fault is not entirely his, *Spiegel*'s publisher, Rudolf Augstein, worried that a good C.S.U. showing next fall might land the former Defense Minister back in the Cabinet, has hammered ceaselessly at Strauss's alleged "corruption" in office, until Strauss retaliated last summer with a libel suit.

Fortnight ago, Augstein's lawyer gave the judge who will hear the case in May a 73-page brief, accusing Strauss of all sorts of corruption, from lying in the Bundestag to consorting with "women of uncertain profession."

None of the charges have been proved in court, but Augstein leaked the whole thing to the press. Promptly headlined was the charge, from which all sorts of innuendoes were supposed to be drawn, that when Strauss was on a visit to Los Angeles in June 1960, Lockheed Aircraft arranged an "intimate" dinner for him and Actress Jayne Mansfield. From Lockheed came the smart rejoinder that the company had indeed entertained Strauss at an "intimate" dinner—for 14 U.S. and German officials. Jayne Mansfield, quite believably, said she had "never heard of Strauss," adding that in June 1960 she was avoiding public appearances, being seven months pregnant with her second child.

Burly Charisma. More disquieting to thoughtful Germans was Strauss's speech at the C.S.U. convention in which he expounded his own brand of *echt Deutsch* nationalism. Comparing the recent five-year extension of the statute of limitations for Nazi war criminals with the "thousands of murdered and tens of thousands of abducted" Germans on the Eastern front after World War II, he cried: "The misdeeds of Hitler's myrmidons were committed in concentration camps, which most Germans had only heard of by rumor, while in Czechoslovakia and Serbia, the torture, killing and burning alive of Germans in 1945 was a public amusement."

"I am not a devil and I'm not a saint. I am a human being with all his contradictions," he told the applauding delegates. Clannish Bavarians, who regard Hamburg publishers as hardly civilized interlopers from the north, may well respond by giving the local boy a handsome mandate in September's elections.



STRAUSS
Dinner without Jayne.



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FRANCE

Garçon! Souriez!

Caricatured on the Continent as camera-toting innocents abroad, the first postwar wave of American tourists descended happily on gay Paris. They weren't quite as dumb as Europeans liked to think, but France was still an unexplored territory. And with prices low compared to the U.S., the early tourists didn't care too much if the *garçon* sneered at what they knew was a very generous tip, or if a sullen taxi driver overcharged them.

They care now. The French government discovered with a shock last year that though more and more tourists were arriving—at least 6,500,000 in 1964—they were spending less and less time in France, often using Paris as a touch-down point from which to go on to other European countries where prices were lower and courtesy greater.

With foreign-exchange earnings from tourism dwindling, the French Government Tourist Office is now trying to change things with a campaign to "revive the French tradition of hospitality and courtesy." It cannot do much about prices (hotels and restaurants are already up 10% since last year), but State Secretary for Tourism Pierre Dumus is launching a \$200,000 "campaign of welcome and amiability." Customs inspectors at major airports are being told not to think of themselves as "agents of repression." Instead, each arriving female tourist will receive a tiny bottle of Weil's Antilope and a single rose or carnation.

To encourage concierges, waiters, taxi drivers and the like, each tourist will receive a "carnet de chèques-sourire" (checkbook of smiles), with tickets that he can tear out and distribute (along with his tip) as a reward for especially cheerful service. At the end of the season, 50 beaming Frenchmen with the largest number of smiles will win a brand-new car, a free vacation to Tahiti or the West Indies, or another prize. Will it work? One skeptical tourist official sighs, "Parisians are born complainers—they don't even like each other, not to mention tourists." And he shrugs: "The smile of a café waiter is more fleeting than a rose."

Suivez-Moi, Jeune Homme

In the golden days of La Belle Époque at the turn of the century, the courtisans of France were famed for their elegance, the dazzle of their jewels, and the high cost of their favors. None more so than La Belle Otero, with her jet-black hair, hourglass figure and enameled complexion. One night at the Café de Paris, five rulers of Europe offered homage at her table—Russia's Nicholas II, Britain's Edward VII, Prussia's Wilhelm II, Belgium's Leopold II and Spain's Alfonso XIII. Otero boasted, "I have been a slave to my passions, but never to a man."

Caroline Otero was born in Spain,



LA BELLE OTERO—HEYDAY:

Five crowned heads, 240 diamonds, and the Orient in her hips.

the daughter of an Andalusian gypsy and a Greek naval officer. At 13, she ran away from an orphanage to dance in the cabarets. At 14, she married an Italian who abandoned her in Monte Carlo after losing the key to her bedroom in a dice game. At 18, she was the mistress of a Russian prince and two years later made it to Paris, where she became a Spanish dancer in a four-star restaurant in the Palais Royal. Sighed one admirer: "All the Orient was in her hips."

Velvet Vest. Her statuesque beauty was set off with enormous hats from which dangled a ribbon that the French then called "*Suivez-moi, jeune homme*" (Follow me, young man). Soon she was wearing a velvet vest embroidered with 240 diamonds. Admirers gave her gilded carriages and châteaux, buckets of jewels, and a mansion on the Champs-Élysées. A U.S. millionaire invited Otero to a simple supper of caviar and oysters—in each oyster lay a pearl. By 1894 she was so rich that she spurned an offer of 10,000 francs for one night, and the luckless man killed himself in humiliation. Young Prince Peter of Russia begged Otero, "Ruin me, but don't leave me." Premier Aristide Briand traveled to the Riviera for Otero's birthday, and once she told him, "It is fortunate you are so ugly. Otherwise, you could have induced me to follow."

The great age ended in the drums of World War I. Otero, who had reigned in Paris for 25 years, finally retired to Nice in 1922 with a fortune estimated at \$1,000,000, not counting her jewelry and châteaux. A movie about her life brought in more revenue. But the money gradually was lost at the casinos, and La Belle Otero grew old and wizened, reduced to living in a cramped room in the second-class Hotel Novelty. Mornings she marketed and fed the pigeons; on pleasant after-



AT THE HOTEL NOVELTY (1965)

noons she strolled along the Promenade des Anglais. She said, "Women have one mission in life: to be beautiful. When one gets old, one must learn how to break mirrors. I am very gently expecting to die."

Smoldering Stew. Last week a chambermaid in the Hotel Novelty smelled something burning. Opening the door to a small room with yellowing photographs tacked to the walls, she saw an unmade bed and an overdone rabbit stew smoldering on a gas cooking ring. Slumped in a chair and dead of a heart attack lay 97-year-old La Belle Otero, her jet hair now grey, her teeth false, her wrinkled skin still highly rouged. A neighbor who had come in each afternoon to tidy up gave Caroline Otero's epitaph: "She was constantly talking about her past, and I was not listening any more. It was always the same: feasts, princes, champagne."

ALGERIA

Saved for the Sand

In Algeria last week Hocine Ait Ahmed and an officer named Si Moussa sat in prison cells awaiting execution. Their four-day trial had taken place before a three-man "revolutionary criminal court." Ait Ahmed, 39, a French-trained lawyer, was captured last October after leading an underground movement aimed at toppling the government of President Ahmed Ben Bella, his onetime comrade in arms in the F.I.N. struggle against the French. The state demanded the death sentence, and the 15 defense lawyers—Algerian, Moroccan, French and Swiss—finally quit the courtroom in protest at the methods of the tribunal, especially the sudden calling of defense witnesses at 1 a.m. Naturally, none appeared.

Ait Ahmed, well aware that nothing could save him except Ben Bella's

whim, announced that he would carry on his defense alone. When he was finished, the three-man tribunal got on the phone to Ben Bella and then announced the death penalty. For 48 hours after the trial, Ben Bella and his top leadership debated the case. There was strong sentiment against clemency, but everyone knew that execution would arouse greater resentment than ever among the anti-Ben Bella Berbers of Kabylia, where Ait Ahmed was a local hero.

On Monday evening, the regular news broadcast was 35 minutes late, and the time was filled with soft music. Then came the announcement: Ben Bella had personally commuted the death sentences of Ait Ahmed and Si Moussa to life imprisonment. Both men will probably be sent deep into the Sahara where they can keep company with former Premier Ferhat Abbas, former Justice Minister Amar Bentoumi, and several former deputies, including Abdelrahmane Farès, ex-President of the provisional executive government. In Algeria, the revolution does not devour its children; it merely buries them in the desert.

IRAN

Perils of Reform

On a sunny, cloudless morning last week, Iran's Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi entered the rear seat of his olive green Chrysler limousine at his private palace. It rolled 300 yards across the square and drew up before the massive Kakh-i-Marmar palace containing the royal office. As the Shah left the car, a detail of Imperial Guards snapped to attention.

Grazed Lip. Typically, the Shah glanced warily from side to side, and it was well that he did. His gaze met that of a young conscript named Reza Bakhsabadi, who held his submachine gun at a level lower than usual. The Shah, trained in arms, was well aware of the technique of firing an automatic weapon: start shooting low and then raise your aim—if you take dead aim the kick of recoil makes shots go too high for accuracy.

An instant before the assassin began firing, the Shah bolted for the palace door. A sergeant who ran protectively behind him was felled by eight bullets, but, before dying, he sent a burst from his own gun into Bakhsabadi. When the Shah reached his office, his assassin was dead and the phone was ringing. It was his wife, Queen Farah Diba, who had heard the shots and feared the worst. Said the Shah: "God has saved my life once again."

Assassination is endemic to Iran. In recent years, two Premiers have been murdered as well as a court minister. The Shah dodged bullets in 1949 when a man disguised as a cameraman opened up with a pistol: one bullet grazed the royal lip, another pierced his military cap, the third ripped off an epaulet.

Religious Hotbed. What brings out the fanatic in some Iranians these days is the Shah's "White Revolution," so called because he hopes to implement it without bloodshed. In a desperate effort to bring his country into the 20th century, the Shah has worked to introduce 1) land reform, 2) nationalization of the nation's forests, 3) sale of government factories to private businessmen, 4) profit sharing for workers, 5) amended electoral laws, and 6) mass education in 80% illiterate Iran through a national "literacy corps."

In the process, the Shah has divested himself of all crown-owned villages, bought up 10,000 villages formerly owned by single individuals and redistributed the land to peasants. Women's rights have also been introduced, and six women were elected to Parliament.

The moves brought joy to landless peasants and urban workers but were resented by great landowners, who fear the loss of their power. Similarly, the conservative Moslem mullahs dislike the freedom of women and the decree that shrine lands are to be shared among the peasants. It is probably significant that the soldier who tried to kill the Shah last week came from southern Iran near the nation's religious capital of Qum, a hotbed of anti-Shah feeling.

Many Iranians trembled at the near miss. Said one official: "If the Shah should die tomorrow, this country would become overnight more chaotic than South Viet Nam." The Tehran Journal mourned: "After the Shah there is no one." Young Crown Prince Reza is only four years old, and could not hold effective power even through a regency.

At week's end there was a shake-up in the Imperial Guard. All conscripts have been relieved of duty that would bring them close to the royal presence. From now on, the safety of the Shah will be entrusted to 30 hard-core Guardsmen whose loyalty has been tested by years of service.

SPAIN

Steps Forward

In 1956, when Madrid University students called a demonstration march to demand freedom from their state-controlled syndicate, police and Falangist goons beat the marchers senseless, one student was shot, hundreds more arrested, and Franco fired his Education Minister for laxity. Last week the students finally got what they wanted. To end a three-month series of strikes and demonstrations, the regime published a decree allowing them to organize independent student unions of their own. No blood was spilled, and there were no mass arrests. The Falangist press even welcomed the new unions as "something we always wanted and never could get."

Last week's decree was another step in Franco's march away from isolation and tyranny. With the passions of the Civil War now all but dead, with a



CAUDILLO FRANCO
A new tolerance . . .

booming economy and a growing middle class, and with the political currents of the Western world whistling through Spain's wide-open doors, the pace of the march has been quickening.

Orders from Abroad. Franco may never be considered respectable enough to be granted full membership in the Western community, but he has come a long way. As a *de facto* member of NATO, Spain last year was given full control of the former U.S. radar defense-warning system, has been promised F-104 fighter-bombers for its air force, plans to zip it up even further with 70 new F-5 supersonic bombers—to be built in Spain under license from Northrop. Spain still stands in the Common Market waiting room, but it is busily spreading a net of trade agreements all over the world. Commerce Minister Alberto Ullastres picked up a fistful of orders by stumping Africa last month, while two of his fellow cabinet members were ringing doorbells in Japan, the Philippines, Cambodia and Formosa.

Relations with the Communist bloc are also thawing. Although the Caudillo has not gone so far as to establish diplomatic contact, Spain has opened commercial offices in both Budapest and Warsaw, and allowed Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Bulgaria to send trade missions to Madrid. Spanish soccer teams often entertain Russian opponents these days, even though it means flying the hammer and sickle over Madrid's Santiago Bernabeu Stadium. The Catholic newspaper *Ya*, which, like the rest of the Spanish press, had for more than two decades been forbidden to publish a Russian dateline, last month opened its own Moscow bureau.

Nowhere is change more dramatically apparent than in Spain's economy.

* Receiving newly arrived U.S. Ambassador Angier Biddle Duke this month in Madrid's Oriente Palace.



TRAFFIC IN DOWNTOWN MADRID
... and a quickening pace.

which has boomed beyond the wildest dreams of the young reformers who sit beside Franco in Spain's Cabinet. New factories, skyscrapers and apartment buildings are popping up like handkerchiefs in a bull ring; nearly 200 American companies have set up offices in Spain, and overall foreign investment is pouring in at the rate of nearly \$300 million a year. Fourteen million tourists entered Spain last year, and a staggering 16 million—more than one for every two Spaniards—are expected this year. In five years, treasury reserves have jumped from next to nothing to \$1.5 billion.

At every step, Franco finds himself confronted by the great, silent struggle between the young progressives and the old-guard Falangists, generals and bureaucrats who still control much of the government machinery. Bills to free the press and grant Spaniards freedom of religion and association have all been given official clearance, only to be watered down before passage.

Mass in Catalan. Even so, the focus of freedom is gradually widening. In Asturias last month, when 1,000 striking coal miners ransacked a local police station, the government's answer was to grant them a 20% pay raise. In Barcelona, the government smiled its approval when priests began saying Mass in Catalan—a language long suppressed as subversive.

Along with the liberalization have come indications that Franco, at 72, may be ready at last to tackle the awful problem of what comes after Franco. The first sign appeared last year, when he went before a meeting of Falangist leaders to hint of government changes. Since then, Spain's press has started debating just what sort of government might be adequate—a topic unthinkable in the past. The Falangist newspaper *Arriba* last month declared: "Spain has matured. We must make a place in our legal and political system for an op-

position, which is the essential element of any democracy." When in the past 25 years had a Spanish newspaper used the word "democracy"—much less "opposition"—without contempt?

KENYA

Arms & Odinga

It was a startling allegation. "Arms and ammunition," charged National Assemblyman Thomas Malinda, "are continuously being smuggled from Communist and other foreign countries into Kenya for the purpose of staging an armed revolution to overthrow our beloved government." The charge brought a quick denial from Security Minister Njoroge Mungai, who admitted, however, that "many people have been trained in the armed forces of other countries and the first we know about it is when they get back."

Whether smuggling was involved or not, the recent exchange brought to the surface the conflict that has long been raging within the government of President Jomo Kenyatta. Vice President Oginga Odinga, wealthy, 53-year-old leader of the Luo tribe, which forms an important part of Kenyatta's KANU party coalition, has been openly attempting to turn the new nation toward Communism. He is opposed by a faction of moderates, including Roland Ngala, leader of the now extinct KADU opposition party, and Kenyatta's Economic Planning Minister Tom Mboya, which has been looking for a way to clip Odinga's wings. Until now Kenyatta has stood aside, little more than a tired referee.

Last week came news that Kenyatta was expecting a shipment of Russian arms, but before anyone could jump to the conclusion that the former Mau Mau chieftain had thrown his lot in with the Communists, Security Minister Mungai rushed out a statement reassuring everyone that there was nothing

pernicious about the deal. "Kenya will continue to buy arms and ammunition from West or East as long as they are suitable and carry the right price," he said.

Kenyatta himself went even farther. "Some fellows who have been to the Communist countries come back here and tell lies about everything being free," he told a public rally in Muringa. "Well, I personally have been to Moscow University, and I can assure you that even in Russia no one gets anything for nothing." Then, in a scarcely veiled warning to Odinga, he added: "I fought the colonialists with all my strength, and if any African wants to fight me, let him try."

SOUTH KOREA

Echo of History?

Almost exactly five years ago, South Korean students swept into the streets of Seoul for a week of rioting that finally brought the downfall of Syngman Rhee. Last week students were on the rampage again with the same strident tone of reckless abandon. First, 2,000 chanting collegians traded stones for tear gas with mesh-masked police. Three days later, a mob of 6,000 swarmed through the capital's main streets. On and on it went, until the daily demonstrations mushroomed to 10,000 youths in Seoul, with lesser eruptions in other cities as well.

What the students were shouting about was President Chung Hee Park's recent agreement with Japan settling the longstanding grievances between the two nations (TIME, April 2), including a new fishing pact that many Koreans consider excessively advantageous to the Japanese. And what soon gave the student uprising a special focus was the emergence of a "martyr," Tonggook University Student Kim Chung Bai, 21, who died of a skull fracture in the opening round of riots. Protest "mourning rallies" blossomed, and 100 Tonggook coeds solemnly paraded wearing black ribbons for their dead hero.

But though the students insisted that the "spirit of April [1960] is still alive," it hardly had the same kick this year. For one thing, the army, unlike the last time, is thoroughly on the side of Park and the government. So far the students have rallied little support from their elders, who seem bored with the riots and largely acquiescent in Park's deal with Japan, which guarantees Korea significant new quantities of Japanese trade and aid.

Park himself was little fazed by the students' noisy violence—which was at least partially the result of normal spring exuberance. While the head-banging went on, he coolly continued a leisurely cruise aboard a government navy boat inspecting offshore islands. Though he reinforced the police with troops, at week's end Park had still seen no reason to declare martial law. Instead he simply closed down the nation's universities for a while.

THE HEMISPHERE

COMMUNISTS

The New Strategy

She tripped prettily off Viasa Flight 737 with her fiancé, and was walking toward immigration at the Caracas terminal when sharp-eyed Venezuelan plainclothesmen decided she was too round to be real. When they searched Josefa Ventosa Jiménez, 22, they found that the fetching passenger from Rome was wearing a specially made girdle stuffed with 1,200 crisp \$100 bills. Her companion, Alessandro Beltrami, 53, a Milan physician and longtime Communist, was also well padded: his vest yielded \$150,000.

Though Caracas police in recent

America, Moscow agreed to assist and finance Fidel Castro's program to "export the revolution." Havana's General Directorate of Intelligence, which has already trained more than 5,000 Latin Americans in combat and propaganda techniques, has stepped up its activities. U.S. Under Secretary of State Thomas Mann says: "It's going to be hip and tuck with the Communists in Latin America for a while."

The Reds' two prime targets are oil-rich Venezuela and adjoining Colombia. Thwarted in Venezuela when they invaded the cities to try and prevent presidential elections in 1963, FALN terrorists have returned to the remote hill country, where they are engaged in Castro-style campaigns to murder local authorities and win over the peasantry. In Colombia's northeast, where they have back-to-back liaison with Vene-

MEXICO

Into the Daylight

The regulars could hardly believe it. At political conventions to nominate mayoralty candidates in hundreds of Mexican towns last week, local members of the ruling Institutional Revolutionary Party (P.R.I.) found that they were free to do the choosing themselves. As a result, the country's next municipal elections will be the first since the party was founded in 1929 that will not be dominated by the tight inner elite in Mexico City that has traditionally bossed P.R.I. and the nation.

At Bayonet Point. Though it is still the only truly effective party in a "guided democracy," P.R.I. has awakened to the fact that its heavy-handed rule is more and more resented by Mexico's increasingly literate (66%) and prospering electorate. The politicians got the word soon after Gustavo Díaz Ordaz' inauguration as President last December. A stern moralist appalled by mismanagement and corruption in the government, Díaz picked eloquent, hard-driving Carlos Madrazo, 49, to head P.R.I., and rid it of crookedness and *caciquismo* (bossism).

A peppery native of Tabasco who proved the most effective governor (1959-64) in his state's history, Madrazo declares: "The party cannot be the government. It should point out objectives—and demand that the government carry out those objectives." As a first step, Madrazo promises, candidates for every elective office in Mexico will be chosen "out in the daylight." He plans to replace old party hacks with bright young leaders, recently blocked an attempt by conservative P.R.I. officeholders to scrap a constitutional provision restricting Congressmen to a single term. To infuse a "new mystique and a new militancy," Madrazo has set up three committees of distinguished citizens to advise P.R.I. on political, social and economic issues. "These groups," he says, "will be the tip of a bayonet pressing against our throats."

Against Time. Madrazo has firsthand knowledge of his party's lethargy and corruption. In 1952, when the government was racked by a scandal over P.R.I. officials who demanded payoffs from Mexican *braceros* in return for work permits, Bureaucrat Madrazo—as P.R.I. leaders privately admit today—was framed and packed off to jail for eight months. Next week Madrazo will open a national convention at which delegates representing the P.R.I.'s 6,300,000-man membership will be invited to draw up a long-term program of social and political reform. "Politics," warns Madrazo, "is a game against time, in which the danger is to be out of step with time. We have the power to win in clean elections—and this is the way it is going to be."



JIMÉNEZ & BELTRAMINI IN JAIL
A too well-rounded campaign.

months have maintained a sharp look-out for couriers who they believe are funneling Soviet funds through Italy's Communist Party to Venezuela's terrorist Armed Forces of National Liberation (FALN), the doctor and his girl were the first suspects to be nabbed hot off a plane from Rome. Also arrested in Caracas last week, after intelligence reports of a conspiracy to overthrow the regime of President Raúl Leoni, were 43 persons, including 13 members of the presidential guard.

Wars of Liberation. Throughout Latin America, well-trained and financed Communist movements are mounting sharply intensified campaigns of terrorism, espionage and subversion. Their strategy, aimed at fomenting guerrilla-style "wars of national liberation," was adopted at a top-level meeting in Havana last winter at which the Soviet leadership yielded to pressure from Castroites to abandon its *vía pacífica* policy of nonviolent penetration in Latin



SEIZED VEST & \$100 BILLS

zuelan terrorists across the border, Communist hands have been shooting, looting, and haranguing the terrified populace to join in a people's revolt. In the southwest, Colombia's notorious Bandit-turned-Castroite Pedro Antonio Marín, 34, alias Sure Shot, leads some 160 guerrillas, who killed 17 people—including two nuns—in a recent raid; and is the main suspect in the kidnapping of a leading industrialist, whose body was found last week in the mountains.

U.S. Diploma. Guatemala has been in a state of siege since February, when terrorists ambushed an army convoy, killing 15 soldiers. The guerrillas, some 300 strong, are led by Marco Antonio Yon Sosa, 34, a former army lieutenant who holds a diploma from the U.S. Army counterinsurgency school in Panama. There have also been reports of smaller-scale guerrilla activity in Argentina, Brazil, Peru and Honduras.

The House Subcommittee on Inter-American Affairs noted last week that the U.S. and its Latin American allies have not begun to counter the Reds' new threat. Its report echoed a key witness's warning: "We are up against full-time Communist professionals, and to a large extent we have part-time amateurs combating Communism."

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The King was George VI, and the occasion was his visit to Canada in 1939. Naturally, the whisky had to be exceptional. It was. And is—for we have since then made some more of the same. You will find it a very kingly pleasure. SEAGRAM'S CROWN ROYAL. The legendary Canadian whisky born to the purple. About nine dollars the fifth.

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We had combed palaces of Persian kings. We had walked through tombs and temples and spired castles. We were ready for something new in lost kingdoms.

Then, one night last January, a couple of archeologists spun us a tale of a mountaintop city built by the Incas 500 years before the Conquistadores.

The place is Machu Picchu and it wasn't long before we were flying down to South America to find it.

A Panagra Jet took us to Lima, and from there we flew to Cuzco, where we embarked on a three-hour zigzag by bus-train along the rushing Urubamba River and 2000 feet up through the clouds to Machu Picchu.

A majestic city walled in by kings, Machu Picchu bears no sign of strife. With a little imagination, you can stand at the perimeter of the city and conjure up images of sharp-eyed Inca warriors peering down at the Conquistadores scurrying below for gold, never dreaming the prize of Machu Picchu lay high above them.

Machu Picchu was never captured, never plundered, yet some time between the days of the Conquistadores and our own, everyone in the city disappeared. Where they went and why is a mystery that haunts you all through the ruins.

For us, this is the most spectacular sight in all

the Western Hemisphere. And, if there are any challengers to that statement, they're in South America, too.

Lake Titicaca (between Bolivia and Peru) is the highest navigable lake in the world. Argentina's Iguassú Falls dwarfs Niagara. For sheer size and beauty, there's the Amazon. And, for luxury, there's Punta del Este, Viña del Mar and scores of other resorts.

So it goes (and we went with it) down one coast from Lima to Santiago, then over to Buenos Aires—all with Panagra. Then up the other coast through Montevideo, Asunción, São Paulo, Rio, Brasília and Caracas—all with Pan Am. Wish we could do it all again.

A word from the airlines we flew: Nobody knows South America like Panagra - Pan Am. This is the only airline system that can fly you completely 'round the continent. Fast Jets, frequent flights, a wealth of experience, plus the utmost in passenger comfort. You can see both coasts for the price of one on a round-trip ticket to Buenos Aires. See the West Coast with Panagra, the East Coast with Pan Am. Go one way, return the other. The new 30-day Jet economy excursion fare 'round the continent comes out the same: \$550 from New York, \$520 from Miami, \$674 from Los Angeles.

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PEOPLE

Verbally, and for the best of causes, she has ridden as rough as daddy—and the ride's not over. As her Negro chauffeur drove **Alice Roosevelt Longworth**, 81, through placid residential Washington, he nearly collided with a taxi, whose white Southern driver jumped out, yelling: "You black s.o.b., what do you think you're doing?" At which Teddy Roosevelt's daughter rolled down her window, fastened the cab driver with a cool blue glare, and demanded: "You white s.o.b., what do you think you're doing?"

She was a doll of 19 when she bowed on Broadway in 1930, and 14 years have passed since her lyric legs last graced a Manhattan stage. Not that **Ginger Rogers** has been idle. Looking maturely desirable at 53, she has headed the road-show company of *The Unsinkable Molly Brown* and found time for TV and movie roles as well. This summer, when Carol Channing, 44, leaves the Broadway cast of *Hello, Dolly!*, the role will be spiced with Ginger.

It certainly looked like the Governor. But then the Governor would hardly be galloping barefoot, in pajamas and bathrobe, through the streets of suburban Des Moines at 6 in the morning. Or would he? Wearily, Iowa's Democratic Governor **Harold Hughes**, 43, explained that Mike, his Irish setter, had escaped from the house, and he had given chase—naturally—so as not to violate the city ordinance that prohibits dogs from running loose. After pursuing Mike for 45 minutes down streets, over front lawns and across a muddy ballpark where he lost his slippers, Hughes finally wearied of the chase and returned to his mansion. Next he tried summoning his wayward pooch with a hunting horn. After awaking the

neighborhood, the Governor gave up and Mike wandered home. "He seemed," said his master, "to have enjoyed it very much."

"I feel naked," pouted **Gina Lollobrigida**, 36. Coming back from a wardrobe fitting to the Beverly Hills Hotel, she discovered that \$16,000 worth of her diamonds and other jewels had been confiscated by state agents as security against \$14,200 in California taxes that she has owed since 1959. It was all a "silly, stupid misunderstanding," insisted La Lollo, but she lost no time setting matters straight with a draft on her bank account in Switzerland. "What is so incredible to me," she murmured, "is that the tax people wouldn't believe that I have assets."

He's the only fighter in the world who won the heavyweight championship twice. He's also the only fighter in the world who lost the heavyweight cham-



PATTERSON INCOGNITO
Floyd? Thelonious!

pionship twice. Floyd Patterson, 30, broods about it. What do the folks out there think of him? He got some idea 2½ years ago when his neighbor in Seaside built a 6-ft. spite fence between their houses. Floyd had an even better notion. He built a fence between his face and the world. Ever since, he has paid his own personal exterior decorators \$3,000 a year to camouflage his phiz whenever he mingles with the public. Decked out in a false nose, mustache and beard, Floyd certainly doesn't look like Floyd. Autograph hunters keep thinking he's Thelonious Monk.

What with all those gourmet meals he has to tuck away in line of duty, 007 alias **Sean Connery**, 34, is finding avoidrdupees harder to liquidate than his old pals from SMERSH. Relaxing with his real-life wife and child in Nansau, the 6-ft. 1-in. actor weighed in at 198 lbs. Tsk! The Communists plain-



CONNERY & FAMILY
Gourmet? Reactionary!

ly don't think that Bondism is flabby. In East Germany, two party newspapers ran bombastic reviews of his "capitalistic, reactionary" adventures, concluded that the dashing Briton's addiction to "opening safes and bras" epitomizes Western decadence. They sound jealous.

Since Crispus Attucks fought for the 13 U.S. colonies in the Boston Massacre of 1770, many thousands of his fellow Negroes have distinguished themselves in battle. Yet it was not until 1940 that a U.S. Negro attained the rank of general. Fourteen years after General Benjamin Oliver Davis won that distinction, his son, a rangy West Pointer and be-medaled World War II fighter squadron leader, came back from the Korean War to become the first of his race to win the two stars of a major general. Now, after distinguished service as an Air Force Deputy chief of staff in the Pentagon, **Benjamin Oliver Davis Jr.**, 52, is heading back to South Korea, where President Johnson has picked him to be U.S. chief of staff under General Hamilton Howze, and nominated him for promotion to lieutenant general, second-highest active rank in the Air Force.

In the Broadway musical *Bajour*, **Chita Rivera**, 35, plays a crafty gypsy con-girl dedicated to the gentle art of separating suckers from their cash. And who should be picked to lure loot-laden tourists to the New York World's Fair when it opens next week? Of course. Naming the hot-eyed Latin actress New York City's official summer hostess. Mayor **Robert Wagner**, 55, cooed: "Chita Rivera symbolizes in a wonderful way the warm welcome we want to extend to each of our guests." Fair warning.



HUGHES & MIKE
Harold? Hardly!

THE LAW

THE SUPREME COURT

Winner Take Nothing

One of the loudest complaints against the Supreme Court is that it "frees criminals" almost every time it tightens state criminal procedures. But what actually happens when the court rules in favor of criminal appellants? A remarkable number are later reconvicted in state courts, winning only the honor of having their names pinned to historic decisions that establish rights for others.

For three decades, the court has slowly extended the right to counsel in a series of decisions that were often Pyrrhic victories for the appellants involved. Items:

► **Powell v. Alabama** (1932) ordered states for the first time to provide lawyers for indigent defendants in capital

present in order to cross-examine prosecution witnesses, but Appellant Bob Pointer, a hardened criminal, gained little himself from the reversal of his life sentence for robbery by assault. Texas will now prosecute him for five similar robberies, making him eligible for five more life sentences.

► **Search & Seizure.** In equally historic decisions, the court has forced all states to observe the full meaning of the Fourth Amendment ban against unreasonable search and seizure. Items:

► **Mapp v. Ohio** (1961) ordered state courts to exclude evidence seized in violation of the Fourth Amendment. With no warrant, Cleveland police, hunting policy slips and a bombing suspect, had invaded the home of a woman named Dollree Mapp. The most the cops could uncover was "obscene materials," for

deau was reconvicted and now faces another death sentence.

► **Jackson v. Denno** (1964) reversed the Brooklyn cop-killing conviction of Nathan Jackson, who claimed that he had been drugged when he confessed. The court said that judges must now determine the voluntariness of disputed confessions before allowing juries to weigh them as evidence. But this month, having lost in a voluntariness hearing, Jackson was again sentenced to death. By last week trial judges had rebuffed four other New York murder defendants under the new procedure.

TRAFFIC COURT

Losers on the Road

In the Denver suburb of Greenwood Village (pop. 600), a grand jury has indicted two top officials for running what may be the most brazen traffic-fine racket in the U.S. For six years, charged the jury, Greenwood Village used the public highways as a "personal toll road" that raked in \$100,000 for the town by means of "a court scheme that was a sham, a mockery, a fraud and simply a system to exact tribute from unsuspecting motorists."

According to the indictment, Harold Tounsignaut not only held three town jobs (police chief, building inspector, road supervisor) paying \$600 a month, but also netted \$8,000 a year by leasing police cars to the village. Chief Tounsignaut ordered each of his four policemen to drive 100 miles a day at 10¢ a mile, payable to himself. As for duties, the cops had only one—writing enough tickets to pay their salaries plus the town's other expenses. Any charge would do, including violation of non-existent town ordinances.

Colorado requires local police to file state reports on all drunken drivers. To avoid that technicality, Greenwood's cops allegedly ordered motorists to get out of their cars, then charged them with being "drunk in a public place," a tactic yielding fines of up to \$300 without the state's being the wiser. Couples found necking or simply talking in parked cars were also ticketed for being "nude above the waist" or "nude below the waist"—noncrimes that earned speedy payoffs from embarrassed victims.

Greenwood Village had no judge, but the grand jury says that Town Attorney C. Charles Buchler solved that problem easily: he billed himself as the "city magistrate" and held "court" in his private law office, where he meted out fines and kept 25% to 33% for himself, even though a local ordinance sets the town attorney's top fee as \$10 per case. Buchler allegedly pocketed \$30,000.

All this violated the constitutional rights of hundreds of persons, charged the grand jury. Indeed, 300 mulcted motorists filed complaints last week. Unable to find "language or words severe enough to criticize this kind of



RIDEAU



POWELL



MAPP

Where does a Pyrrhic victory get you?

cases. Although Ozie Powell, 16, and six other Negro youths, who came to be known as the "Scottsboro Boys," had no legal aid, they had been sentenced to death for allegedly raping two white girl hoboes. Though one of the girls totally recanted her testimony, Alabama later reconvicted the boys as many as four times, eventually meting out sentences of up to 99 years. Ozie Powell was paroled at age 31.

► **Betts v. Brady** (1942) said that "shocking" circumstances would require court-appointed lawyers for indigents in noncapital cases. But the court ruled that Smith Betts, a jobless Maryland farm hand, did not meet the test and upheld his eight-year rap for robbery.

► **Gideon v. Wainwright** (1963) overruled *Betts* and fully extended the right to counsel in all felony trials. A rare winner, Florida indigent Clarence Gideon was later retried and found innocent of attempted burglary.

► **Escobedo v. Illinois** (1964) decided that the right to have counsel present begins when police start grilling a prime suspect. The court ruled that Chicago Laborer Danny Escobedo had been served to confess to a murder without legal aid. After Danny had spent 43 years in jail, Illinois dropped the charges.

► **Pointer v. Texas** (1965) upheld the right of defendants to have lawyers

possession of which Dollree was convicted. Upheld by the Supreme Court, she escaped further prosecution.

► **Ker v. California** (1963) provided Mapp's first test amid charges that the court had "handcuffed police." But Mapp forbade only "unreasonable" search and seizure: Ker upheld the right of Los Angeles police to make an arrest and seizure after they entered a narcotics-peddling couple's apartment without a warrant. The cops had "probable cause" to suspect what they would find. Appellants George and Diane Ker stayed in prison for possession of marijuana.

► **Disputed Confessions.** Nothing concerns the court more than illegally obtained confessions, yet even such cases by no means assure freedom for successful appellants. Items:

► **Mallory v. U.S.** (1957) forbade federal (but not state) police to use statements produced during prolonged precommitment interrogation. That rule saved Andrew Mallory from a death sentence for rape in Washington, D.C. In 1960, Mallory raped a woman in Philadelphia, was convicted, and is now serving a state rap of 114 to 23 years.

► **Rideau v. Louisiana** (1963) reversed Bank Robber Wilbert Rideau's murder conviction because a Louisiana sheriff had Rideau "confess" on television before thousands of potential jurors. Ri-

operation," the jury says it also failed to find fitting felony charges for Buchler and Tournant, though it searched law books going back to 1606. Both men will be arraigned on relatively minor misdemeanor charges ranging from simulating judicial process to conspiracy to illegally exercise office. Maximum sentences if convicted: 13 months in jail and \$1,100 in fines, plus an additional \$200 fine for "Magistrate" Buchler for actually exercising office illegally.

TORTS

Good & Bad Samaritans

Why did 38 witnesses ignore Kitty Genovese's screams for help when she was fatally stabbed in the Kew Gardens section of New York City one night last year? At the University of Chicago Law School last week, scholars from four countries gravely pondered such puzzles of public apathy at a symposium on "The Good Samaritan—and the Bad."

Predictably, some blamed the moral numbing of big-city life—its vanishing sense of community, the fear of "getting involved," the idea that crime is only for policemen to handle. Yet, as Virginia Law Professor Charles O. Gregory noted: "Our common law has always refused to transmute moral duties into legal duties." A man who ignores a drowning baby may be "a moral monster," ruled a New Hampshire court in 1897, "but he is not liable in damages for the child's injury, or indictable under the statute for its death."

Sobering Results. U.S. law does oblige some people to help others—for example, parents must help their children, husbands their wives, ship captains their passengers and crew members. But those not legally responsible become legally liable if they volunteer. Indeed, the rescuer who accidentally causes injury may be sued for negligence or even prosecuted for assault; if he is injured himself, he has little recourse. U.S. life abounds with sobering instances. In Chicago in 1961, Negro Cab Driver Lawrence Boyd tried to stop three Negro muggers from robbing two white youths. Boyd was shot twice, paralyzed in one arm, lost his job, and is now \$9,000 in debt. In Upper Darby, Pa., last fall, George Senn fired a shotgun in the air to prevent 20 thugs from attacking two girls and a boy outside his window. Senn was convicted of aggravated assault and battery, paid a \$500 fine, and now faces a damage suit from his "victims."

By contrast, a Frenchman who fails to help another when he can do so without risk is liable for up to five years in prison and a \$3,000 fine. The law's rationale, explained Sorbonne Law Professor André Tunc, is that a bystander "participates in the murder by his decision not to intervene." Similar laws are on the books in Britain, Germany, Italy and Russia. Surveys do not show that citizens of those countries feel any



CAB DRIVER BOYD

Why get involved, indeed?

more like helping, said Chicago Sociologist Hans Zeisel. But in a comparative study of U.S. and German students, Zeisel found that 75% of the Americans and only 42% of the Germans opposed penalties for Bad Samaritans—those who refuse help when it is obviously needed. Argued Oxford Don Anthony W. Honore: "The law would be a poor thing if it did not in general encourage rescue."

Encouraging Signs. Should U.S. law thus make it a crime to be a Bad Samaritan? At the very least it should compensate rescuers for injuries and lawsuits, argued Chicago Law Professor Norval Morris. Would the country then blossom with Good Samaritans? Perhaps, but as Washington Post Editor-in-Chief Alan Barth wryly recalled: "The original Good Samaritan was fortunate in not arriving on the scene until after the thieves had set upon the traveler, robbed him and beaten him half to death. The Samaritan cared for him, but he did not put himself in any peril by doing so."

Despite his reservations, Barth suggested that Americans have recently "accepted a collective responsibility to be our brothers' keepers to a degree never before manifested." University of Illinois Sociologist Joseph Gusfield was equally optimistic. Mass society may create indifference, he said, but with it come mass communications that spur moral responses. Gusfield's prize example: the recent descent on Selma of Americans from every corner of the country. Gusfield called that phenomenon "one of the greatest outpourings of mass Samaritanism in American history."

* Jesus had an ironic reason for making a "good" Samaritan the hero of his parable: his Jewish listeners could think nothing but had of the hated Samaritans, a heretical Jewish sect that claimed descent from Joseph and viewed Judeans as apostates. Samaritans then occupied one-third of Palestine, now they consist of only about 600 poverty-stricken people living in two decaying villages in Israel and Jordan.

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EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES

A Flowering Up North

"I would found first a smoking room; then when I had a little more money in hand I would found a dormitory; then after that, or more probably with it, a decent reading room and a library. After that, if I still had money over that I couldn't use, I would hire a professor and get some text books." Thus, in the '20s, did Humorist Stephen Leacock define a university, and it may be a blessing that he is not alive to see how bustling has replaced his leisurely academe in Canadian higher education.

The traditional schools—Leacock's own McGill University in Montreal, Nova Scotia's Dalhousie University, the top-rank University of Toronto, and four big western provincial universities—are pouring out more graduates than ever. But the typical Canadian student nowadays is just as likely to be found at an "instant university," sitting in a ground-floor classroom while builders finish the upper stories. For the country has a clear goal: it wants to move from higher-educating a relatively elite 15% of its college-age population to a 1975 level of 27½% (currently the U.S. proportion is 42%).

New universities are going up at the rate of two a year; in just seven years, student enrollment has nearly doubled, to 179,000, and in ten years the total should rise to 480,000. Around \$350 million worth of construction per year is under way at Canada's 41 degree-granting institutions, and twice that

amount is thought to be needed in the coming decade. The landscape will virtually bristle with towers of learning.

Going Public. The old pattern of universities in Canada was Roman Catholic-run colleges in Quebec, private universities modeled on Oxford or Edinburgh in the English-speaking eastern provinces, public universities modeled on U.S. land-grant schools in the West. The big push is shattering the pattern. Because of the need for funds, schools are leaning upon government until there is scarcely a truly private college left in Canada. Provincial governments pick up nearly 40% of the operating costs of the colleges, the federal government about 20%, tuition 27%, and private sources the rest. Typical effect: the French Catholic University of Montreal will get its first layman rector, Rhodes Scholar Roger Gaudry, in June.

In the populous East, Laval University, long a landmark of the Latin Quarter section of Quebec City, has moved most of its facilities to an ultramodern, \$45 million suburban complex, decorated with murals in the style of the University of Mexico. Dalhousie, founded with \$11,000 seized from Maine customs officials during the War of 1812, is crying for new millions to expand its medical school. In Fredericton, New Brunswick, the provincial university is bursting its serene bounds. The University of Montreal's 14,000 on-campus students will soon ride two new escalators tunneled through granite to reach their campus on Mount Royal, 200 feet above the street, where 23 new buildings are built or planned in a five-year \$50 million program. McGill is spending \$42 million on new plant in a drive for quality, but hopes to hold its enrollment to 15,000.

More than three of Canada's univer-

sity students attend Ontario colleges, which are largely fed by the province's 13-grade public-school system. The University of Toronto is spinning off satellite colleges, including Scarborough, which will open in Toronto next fall with 500 students, and Erindale, which will start in 1966. An earlier Toronto satellite, York University, is moving onto a brand-new campus on the west side of Toronto, leaving its old building to just-founded Glendon College, which is modeled on Swarthmore. Some 16 buildings are under construction or planned at Ontario's much-respected Queen's University in Kingston. The University of Waterloo has opened with a plan of alternate semesters in class and industry. The big 13-sided nuclear reactor at McMaster University in Hamilton is getting lost in a forest of new buildings.

Putting Out Branches. Farther west, on 1,200 acres along the Red River at Winnipeg, the University of Manitoba has put up 40 buildings in ten years. Some of them are for a new University College based on Oxbridge, where each student wears a burgundy-colored robe and is assigned to a tutor. Manitoba's plant scientists are close to producing the first new species of grain developed by man: a combination of wheat and rye.

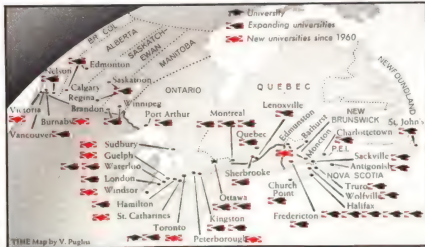
The 10,000-student University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon studies northern lights and the ionosphere by launching its own rockets at Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay. The university has grown beyond its 2,600-acre campus, with Gothic grey-stone buildings, to acquire a 1,300-acre branch in Regina. The new school has a campus designed by Architect Minoru Yamasaki; among its teachers is a visiting professor from Moscow University.

The University of Alberta has 9,400 students in tall buildings on its bulldozer-torn Edmonton campus and is



CONSTRUCTION AT SIMON FRASER U.

Typical: a student working on the ground floor while builders finish the upstairs.



TIME Map by V. Pugh

CANADA-WIDE EXPANSION

Monza Sport Sedan in Regal Red, one of 15 Magic-Mirror acrylic lacquer colors.



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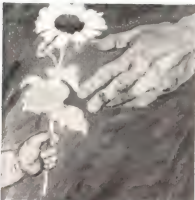
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building another campus in Calgary with an extra \$2,000,000 thrown in for the nearby Banff School of Fine Arts. The University of British Columbia, which with 15,500 students in Vancouver is the biggest and the best in the West, has given birth to the newly independent University of Victoria in the province's garden-filled capital. In Burnaby, near Vancouver, the innovating Simon Fraser University will open next fall on a \$15 million, 1,168-acre campus—just 18 months after the architects were commissioned. It will accept bright high-school juniors and seniors at ages as low as 15, teach by TV, give degrees in less than three years on a trimester plan. Junior-college systems similar to those of California and Florida are getting started in British Columbia, Alberta and Ontario.

For Canada, such growth presents some tough problems. "We are having to expand before we have had a chance to develop our own true excellence—our Oxford, Cambridge or Harvard," notes Canadian Social Scientist Bernard Osby. Despite good salaries (the median full professor's pay is \$14,163), there are many staff vacancies. Three Canadian college presidents recently toured five U.S. campuses trying to lure graduate students from Canada back home to teach.

At least the stress is on teaching; Canada by and large is not yet afflicted with any acute form of "publish or perish." Research may be what turns good universities into high-rank centers of scholarship, but in a nation intent on pulling itself up by its university bootstraps, the teaching that will create masses of college-educated people must come first.

PROFESSORS

Free Verse

Ever since Nicholas Boyleston endowed a chair in rhetoric and oratory at Harvard with £1,500 in 1771, its ten distinguished holders, starting with John Quincy Adams, have been charged to pursue excellence "in the theory and practice of writing and speaking well, that is, with method, elegance, harmony, dignity and energy." Last week Harvard assigned the chair to methodical, elegant, harmonious, dignified, energetic Robert Stuart Fitzgerald, 54, poet, journalist, anthologist and translator of the classics.

The Boyleston chair has now gone to four poets in succession: Fitzgerald's predecessors were Robert Hillyer, who retired in 1944 and died in 1961, Theodore Spencer, who died in 1949, and Archibald MacLeish, who retired in 1962. It is one of the Ivy League's most informal posts, permits its holder to make of it what he will. Fitzgerald has no doubt at all about what he intends to do with it. "I am a writer and have writing to do, and I'm going to do it," he says. He is just finishing a critical anthology of the verses of the



HARVARD'S FITZGERALD
To write and tether a cow.

late James Agee, with whom he studied under Hillyer in the early '30s.* Legend says that the chair also confers upon the professor the exclusive right to tether a cow in Harvard Yard. But that, says Fitzgerald drily, "is a matter that each succeeding Boyleston Professor must decide for himself." No farmer, he.

Fitzgerald is best known for his fast-paced, soaring 1961 translation of Homer's *Odyssey*. He has written three books of his own wide-ranging poetry, but in recent years, living in Italy, he has devoted himself largely to critical writing and visiting lectures at U.S. colleges. A graduate of Choate and Harvard and a student at Cambridge's Trinity College, he worked for the New York Herald Tribune before joining Time from 1936 to 1949, mainly as a book reviewer. He went to Harvard's English department to lecture on comparative literature only last fall, considers his new position ideal. "Only by a favorable conspiracy of circumstances—and in this case a great university—can a man in my position devote himself to verse," he says. What grace the conspiracy may bring is suggested by his poem of the early '30s, "Winter Night":

*The gray day left the dusk in doubt.
Now it is dark.
Nightfall and no stars are out.
But this black wind will set its mark
Like anger on the souls that stir
From chimney side or sepulcher.*

*From hill to pasture moans the snow,
The farms hug tight
Their shaking ribs against the blow.
There is no mercy in this night
Nor scruple to its wrath. The dead
Sleep light this wind being overhead.*

* Three of these men—MacLeish, Agee and Fitzgerald—wrote at one time or another for Time Inc. magazines.

SHOW BUSINESS

COMEDIANS

The Simple Simon Pieman

When they set the date, no one realized. Manhattan's Paramount Theater found itself reopening, after an eight-month supposedly permanent closing, on Good Friday, traditionally among the worst box-office days of the year. What's more, it was also the beginning of Passover. It should have been double cyanide for the grosses. Instead, the first customers lined up at 2 a.m., and by 8, when the doors opened, the crowd was so thick that people were getting sick. The crush broke the glass on the cashier's box, and the money came in so hand-over-fist that it had to be carted off repeatedly in cardboard boxes.

It was just like the good old days, when the Paramount's bobby-soxers swung and shrieked to Benny Goodman's clarinet and all but ate up Frankie Sinatra alive. But with a difference. TV has created a new generation of fans, and the man that the special 40-cop detail inside the Paramount was trying to keep alive was nobody from the ten rock-'n'-roll acts on the bill, but a 39-year-old nerve end who goes by the name of Soupy Sales. As a comedian, he is hardly believable even when seen: a pastiche nut in kook's clothing, whose act wanders in and out of plain idiocy, with every tired old slapstick gag in the joke book thrown in free. Among other things, he throws pies. And his fans were right there with him, saluting their hero with salvos of everything from teddy bears to a training bra.

White Fang & Black Tooth. Soupy (years ago he legally changed his name from Milton Hines) has been that way for years, dressed in a loose, V-necked black sweater and floppy, polka-dotted bow tie, taking pies in the face. Born in North Carolina, he started as a disk

jockey in West Virginia, first hit it big in 1953 on Detroit's WXYZ-TV, where his TV antics cadged kids into eating lunch. Then he transplanted to Hollywood and bloomed on. He was such a smash that the stars lined up to get smacked by one of Soup's foam-filled pies. Things were going so well that ABC put him on the network. He bombed out. Then last fall a local New York channel tried him.

He was still doing the same stuff—talking to White Fang and Black Tooth, the meanest and nicest, respectively, dogs in the world, so huge that only their clawed paws are seen on camera. There was Pookie, a rubber-faced lion puppet, and, as always, corn as high as pie-in-the-eye. But once again it was a big click. Kids began strong-arming Mom into having dinner early or late, but not when Soup's on. And the result was that now 22% of his audience are adults.

A Love Thing. Even when Soupy's ways led him to transgressions, he was forgiven. In January, for instance, an antic whim led him to suggest to all those kiddies out there that they get ahold of Daddy's wallet and remove "those little green pieces of paper with pictures of George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Lincoln and Jefferson and send them to me, and I'll send you a postcard from Puerto Rico." Four \$1 bills came in, and so did a stiff complaint. Soup was canned, but only temporarily. His suspension became an instant cause. The phone calls never quit, petitions piled up, the station was picketed, and five days later his hour-long, six-times-a-week show roared back on the air.

Now he gets 800 letters a day. When it's time for a Soupy Sez blackboard two-liner ("Show me a country that has only pink automobiles . . . and I'll show you a pink car-nation"), fans

mumble the predictable lines along with him and then fall on their heads with delight. "It's some sort of a love thing," explains his manager, who calls himself Irving Manager. Soup's humor is epidemically catching.

Over-Shucked Cornball. That's the way it is at the Paramount, too. He does *The Mouse*, a dance of his own invention in which he wiggles, sticks out his teeth, puts his thumbs to his ears and makes what once used to be considered a rude gesture. Everyone screams. He does a few more songs from a new album (in New York alone his recording of *The Mouse* has sold more than a quarter of a million copies in the past month) and, more screams, the show is over. For doing just that five times a day for ten days, Soup will collect \$20,000. The networks, says Irving Manager, are dying to try him again. Soupy's name is all over trading cards, pins, wallets, ties, sweat shirts, T shirts, pajamas, dolls, and he expects to gross \$500,000 this year. He is an overshucked cornball, but he is the moment's golden goose. And he means to lay eggs by the gross.

SINGERS

Everyone's Pet

There is nowhere near the same kind of public hoopla surrounding the recording industry's Grammy Awards as there is around the Oscars, but to the people in the trade, it is the moment of truth. As the 47 different category winners (see TIME LISTINGS) were read last week, everyone was pegging favorites. When the best rock-'n'-roll single came up, there was no problem. It was Petula Clark's recording of *Downtown* by a city mile.

In its way, the award was also a tribute to the international sway of rock 'n' roll, which is now as international as sex, the U.N. and Jewish cooking. Billed as Britain's Shirley Temple at the age of nine, when the BBC had her singing to the tommyes overseas, Petula (pronounced *Peh-yuu-la*) was doing reasonably well, until at 25 she hiply hopped across the Channel to record two songs in France. When the first was a big hit, she settled down, married a French recording executive, bore two children and became a smash.

Over the past seven years, Petula has sold 10 million records in Europe, in the past four months, 1,700,000 in the U.S. Various of her songs at one time or another have popped to the top of the hit parade in Britain, Denmark, France, Germany, Italy, Rumania and Switzerland. At her home base, Paris, where the tousled blonde is possessively known as "La Pétulante Petula," she has collected the *Grand Prix du Disque* (just like Edith Piaf and Yves Montand before her), and earlier this year got the *Bravo du Music Hall*, France's annual award to the female show-business success of the year.

The U.S. is next on her list of places to go and see. She will be flying over



SOUPLY AT NEW YORK'S PARAMOUNT
Idiocy as screamly as Frankie.



PETULA IN ACTION

A hit as international as sex.

next month for the Ed Sullivan show, open in Reno in October, move on to Manhattan's Copacabana in November. But in fact, she has already conquered. Not only was *Downtown* the best hit of 1964; right behind it is her *I Know a Place*, which in the past five weeks has zoomed from No. 50 to No. 2, seems sure to make the last rung.

REPERTORY

Better Than Topic A

In Manhattan, when repertory theater is being discussed, Topic A is always the disappointing record, to date, of the Lincoln Center company. But Manhattan does have a first-rate repertory troupe; and at the fringes of the Lincoln Center noise, disaffected optimists are quietly championing New York's other company, the Association of Producing Artists.

More simply, it is known as the APA, but on its way to excellence its title has grown longer. This season it became the APA at the Phoenix, having joined forces with Manhattan's venturesome Phoenix Theater production company. All three of its current productions, *Man and Superman*, *War and Peace*, *Judith*, are critical successes; performances in the 299-seat off-Broadway theater are sold out nearly every night, and last week the APA extended the three-play offering to September. Beginning next season, it plans to become the APA-Phoenix at the Lyceum. That is Broadway's Lyceum Theater. And it means that the APA will be the first repertory group in residence on Broadway since 1947.

Being a Bemoaner. For that, APA is only five years old, the inspiration and creation of Actor-Director Ellis Rabb, 34. Born in Memphis, Rabb studied drama at Carnegie Tech, where his Southern accent graduated sounding British ("The inflection patterns are

very similar, if you think about it"). Small parts on and off Broadway followed until, in 1959, he was struck by Tyrone Guthrie's comment in *A Life in the Theatre* that anyone bemoaning the lack of first-rate classical actors should "take more energetic action."

Rabb wrote to 78 acquaintances in the theater—actors, directors and designers—told them that he was starting a troupe; there would not be much money in it, but it would be creatively fulfilling. Not exactly a new concept, but Rabb was lucky. He found enough people who agreed with his dream and were willing to take the chance.

Way of the Worthy. Starting out in Bermuda, the association proved instantly to be a plague of problems in administration. When Princeton University's McCarter Theater offered them a 1960-61 fall and late-winter season, part of the deal was to put on a play a week, which left hardly any time for rehearsal. A completely unsatisfactory engagement at the Fred Miller Theater in Milwaukee nearly finished them off. In fact, early in 1962, the principal members of the company had agreed to disband, only to regroup hours later when a chance to play in New York off Broadway opened up. They decided, said one, to "massage the heart," and though the engagement lost money, the troupe was offered a three-year contract for an annual 20-week stand (with proper rehearsal time) at the University of Michigan.

In the meanwhile, New York's Phoenix Theater, under the leadership of idealistic Producers T. Edward Hambleton and Norris Houghton, had been putting on everything from *Oh Dad, Poor Dad...* to the Western premiere of Russia's *The Dragon*, a banned-at-home critique of Stalin and Khrushchev. In the way of the worthy, the Phoenix had run on a healthy yearly deficit. Joining with the APA seemed a natural evolution. The Phoenix yearned for a permanent repertory group—their own efforts to establish one having failed—so they could eliminate the traumas of one-shot productions, plan whole seasons in advance. For the APA, the Phoenix offered a home in the drama mecca of New York plus a carryover subscription list from previous seasons.

A Married Asset. The result was a merger of the Phoenix's administrative acumen and the APA's artistic excellence. And for the APA, the new security has spread a tone of smooth confidence. "Five years of percolating is better than instant," says one actress. Having done 30 productions (predominantly classical) since its start, the APA is now a well-integrated, well-trained troupe, one-third of whom have been in the company all five years. They are beginning to reflect Rabb's maxim that a rep company should be made up of chameleonic-like actors but of a group of stars who leave their individual mark on each role.

Among the APA's growing assets, the



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greatest is the emergence of a first-magnitude star among them. One month before forming APA, Rabb presently married her, Rosemary Harris, 34, has played Desdemona to Burton's Othello, Ophelia to O'Toole's Hamlet, Elena to Olivier's Dr. Astroff and Redgrave's Uncle Vanya. In the U.S., she played opposite Jason Robards in the 1958 Broadway production of *The Disenchanted*. The British-born, India-reared actress stars in *War and Peace* and *Judith*, plays Violet in *Man and Superman* at alternate performances, and she has left her mark. Her throaty, caressing voice purrs its way through her lush figure and emerges with girlish guilelessness from Natasha and passionate intensity from Judith, all the while giving the impression that it never really changed at all.

Despite her undimmed presence, however, the company can stand alone,

GENE OF AIDA



RABB & HARRIS*

They flew high with the Phoenix.

and in proof of that, Rabb and three other troupe members, not including Miss Harris, performed the hour-long "Don Juan in Hell" scene from *Man and Superman* last week for TV's non-network *Esso Repertory Theater*. The fine hour-long performance should build the group's following just when it needs it. With a larger capacity next year in the Lyceum, the aim is to build this year's 7,500 subscribers to 20,000. At Michigan in late September the company will break in three new productions: the world premiere of Archibald MacLeish's *Heracles*, Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*, and the Kaufman-Hart comedy *You Can't Take It With You*. All will be added to the current repertory for the Broadway season next year, if they work. "We are very catholic," says Rabb. "We want a diverse audience, not a select and artsy one. This is not a commercial venture; it is popular theater."

* In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

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THE THEATER

Tardy Rainbow

The *Amen Corner*, by James Baldwin, has one negative virtue as compared with his *Blues for Mr. Charlie*, offered last season: it is not a strident, vulgar, melodramatic polemic on the race question. Those who love to see the tumblers of social protest roll portentously across the stage will be sorely disappointed. The play also has one positive virtue: Baldwin's autobiographical acquaintance with the Negro evangelical scene. But *Amen Corner*, a 14-year-old first play, scuttles edgewise



BEA RICHARDS IN "AMEN CORNER"
Fall of a discount House of Atreus.

through this milieu like a crab, evading dramatic life more successfully than it confronts its characters. Baldwin has yet to learn that drama is really a verb masquerading as a noun.

The heroine (Bea Richards) is a Harlem storefront preacher, and she preaches and preaches and worries and cries. The husband she left years ago, an alcoholic trombonist, has come home to die, and that turns out to be a play-length process. The son she has coaxed into seemingly submissive piety sneaks out to bars, and surreptitiously plays his father's jazz recordings. A kind of Greek chorus of Harlem hatpans gibber, clown, and runnagate about as if they were witnessing the fall of a discount house of Atreus.

The prevailing sound of the evening is whiny, rhetorical self-pity, though ten minutes before the final curtain Bea Richards pierces the cloudy monotony with a stormburst of tears and sun shafts of helpless laughter. But by then it is too late for the playgoer to be greatly cheered by a solitary rainbow of real passion.

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The Storecase

When it comes to celebrity watching, the town of Beverly Hills, Calif. (pop. 33,500), is the capital of the world. "We're all voyeurs here," says Screenwriter Peter Stone, who just escalated a notch toward celebrityhood himself by winning an Oscar for the year's best script, *Father Goose*. "When we pull up to a red light we all look over at the next car to see who's in it." In this high-proof concentration of fame and beau-

some crystal chandeliers illuminate the bar, an elaborately carved pool table graces a paneled billiard room where baseball's Leo Durocher conducts a highly oral brand of psychological warfare against such regulars as Actor Peter Falk. After the 2 a.m. curfew on drinks (but not dancing), free coffee and fresh fruit are provided. But no other food is ever served and no money changes hands; members sign their bills at the end of the evening. On Saturday nights, the Sunday papers are placed in each parked car.



FISHER ON THE FLOOR

The armchairs swivel—for obvious reasons.



HAMILTON IN THE POOLROOM

ty, the highest-proof spot between the hours of 10 p.m. and 2 a.m. is something called the Daisy.

The Daisy is a *discothèque*, run as a "club" by its owner, Jack Hanson, inventor of Jax slacks. He decides who will be allowed to pay a \$250 "membership fee." Thus not the least of the pleasures of belonging is the knowledge—swiftly telegraphed throughout the movie colony—that one night recently, both Peter O'Toole and Jason Robards Jr. were turned away because they weren't members or members' guests. Another of the Daisy's pleasures is that it has some of the most eye-filling females in the U.S. frugging and swimming their little hearts out in poor-boy sweaters and nothing underwear.

One night last week Carol Lynley, Jane Fonda, Jill St. John and Jill Haworth shimmered and bobbed beautifully on the tight little dance floor, while Anthony Quinn, Dean Martin, George Hamilton and Eddie Fisher gave the girls something to stare at. On the night of the Academy Awards, two-thirds of the winners showed up afterward to gawk and talk.

The Daisy's dance floor is surrounded by tables and black leather armchairs that swivel—for obvious reasons. Hand-

TRAVEL

Vacationing with Purpose

Who thinks of the poor hog breeder torn between love of his work and a yen for European travel? Who cares about the speleologist yearning to visit foreign lands but loath to mix with ordinary tourists who never plumbed a cave? Travel agents, that's who. What's more, they're doing something about it. This year Academy Travel Ltd. will assemble an exclusive and hardy band of spelunkers in London, collect \$195 a head, and lead them off on a somewhat sunless 15-day crawl through the caves of Rumania. In New York, Lindblad Travel Inc. has plans afoot for a special breeders' browse through European hogdom's foremost farms—a follow-up to earlier, highly successful cattle and hog breeders' tours.

The wave of what the travel agents call "special interest trips" is cresting. Come summer, the world will be swarming with traveling gangs of golfers or gourmets, of art or bird watchers, of chess players, music maniacs and film fans. All winter, liners have been steaming out of the U.S. with boatloads of bridge buffs—two of them featuring Charles Goren as supercargo.

Sadists' Special. Art lovers are perhaps the most assiduous special trippers; one of the most de luxe of their caravans is run by the Archives of American Art at the Detroit Institute of Art, which will show 100 travelers the art of the Far East this October for \$2,050 each, \$500 of which is a contribution to the institute. Pre-Columbian relies in Central and South America will draw no fewer than four special tours between July and September.

But there are different kinds of truth and beauty. A 21-day, \$895 International Dance Tour of European cities, leaving New York Aug. 2, has nothing to do with Nureyev. Social dancing is what it's all about, and the trip will give light-footed vacationers "instruction under the most world-famous teachers" as well as "new and lasting friendships in foreign countries." Dancing partners, for those traveling solo, are guaranteed each and every evening. Those who like their friendships more violent may join the Judo Friendship Tour of Japan (about \$1,395 for 14 arm-twisting days). Included is a course of instruction at the Mecca of the judo world, Tokyo's Kodokan.

Another way to keep in shape is to take a two-week Slimcruise from London, which promises that travelers will return 10 lbs. lighter after daily sessions with dietician and masseur. In a way, the trip is also a sadists' special: friends and spouses of the slimmers can go along for the ride, do not have to join in the calorie counting—and pay \$42 less than the suffering slimmers.

Ancient Civilization? This year Swan Tours of London will send some 2,000 tourists on seven group trips through Greece, Turkey and the Middle East. Going along to lecture and explain are such authorities as Oxford Greek Expert Sir Maurice Bowra, Archaeologist Sir Mortimer Wheeler, Philosopher Sir John Wolfenden and Classicist Anthony Chenevix-Trench, headmaster of Eton. For bird watchers, travel agents have hatched a clutch of ornithological adventures: 15-day pursuits of the rock partridge on Yugoslavia's Neretva River or the glossy ibis on Lake Prespa in Macedonia. Even the south of France takes on new interest, with purple and night herons, marsh harriers and spectacled warblers on the delta of the Rhone. Cook's has an Alpine Flower Tour—15 days of scrambling up the Dolomites, sniffing all the way.

For marine biologists there is a vacation study trip on the Black Sea. The Bible-minded can choose from a wide variety of pilgrimages: a British outfit called Inter-Church Travel Ltd. is promoting a three-week "Voyage of a Lifetime" under joint guidance of Anglican, Roman Catholic and Greek Orthodox prelates, which will include an audience with the Pope and a reception on St. John's Day by the abbot of Patmos, the island where St. John wrote the *Book of Revelation*.

There are, of course, numberless Af-



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RELIVE GREAT MOMENTS IN HISTORY. VISIT THE TRAVELERS PAVILION AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR.

rican safaris, which have been getting more and more comfortable and civilized. For those who really want to rough it, the latest is a "Goldiggers' Tour" that involves three weeks of bush-plane jungle hopping around mining camps, among the armadillos, alligators and boa constrictors of the Amazon. The tourist may recoup the cost of the trip in panned gold dust and nuggets and then again he may not.

FASHION

A Lift for Flattops

Every woman knows how the scarf-makers tried. They snipped everything from chiffon to cotton to sensuous silk into triangles, trapezoids and squares. Givenchy and Balenciaga dappled the

RAY FIFTH AVENUE—ALFRED STALY



SCARF HAT
A stiff upper.

shapes with abstract slashes; Emilio Pucci colored them with wildly vibrant designs that looked like stained glass; lesser lights tried everything from polka dots to reproductions of Botticelli paintings. But even when the *Mona Lisa* was pulled flat over the hair and reefed under the chin, the result was strictly Ellis Island—that flattopped look, with a tail either drooping forlornly at half-mast or sticking out behind like the flight deck of the U.S.S. *Enterprise*.

Now the hatters have added some crucial undercover work. To give the scarf a lift and banish the babushka look, milliners have concocted a hatlike frame of stiff net. Over the frame goes a kerchief, with the ends either knotted at the nape of the neck or softly folded in front. The result: the scarf hat, a runaway bestseller that can safely be placed on freshly set hair and is often well worth wearing for its own stylish sake.

During the pre-Easter buying spree, scarf hats sold out all over Manhattan, from \$65 Adolfo-designed abstracts on a high-crowned framework to a wide assortment of slightly stiffened cotton prints for less than \$10. For the hat industry, the Manhattan sellout was a happy harbinger; although New York usually initiates fashion trends, the big town is not as big a hat town as St. Louis, San Francisco, Boston, Washington or Chicago.





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to
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Original 100 Proof
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Prime Straight

ART

SCULPTURE

THE MARKET

Doubleheader

Auctions are replacing theater openings as the first-nighters' delight. And to capitalize on the trend, Manhattan's Parke-Bernet Galleries last week staged a doubleheader, splitting sales of 130 modern art works with a \$50-a-plate black-tie dinner. On hand were such luminaries as A. & P. Heir Huntington Hartford, Playwright Edward Albee, Architects Philip Johnson and Mies van der Rohe, Baron Heinrich von Thyssen.



\$410,000 DEGAS



\$26,000 CHURCHILL

And a gasp for an 8-by-6½-in. Pissarro.

the Duchess of Leeds and all three Kennedy sisters. Nearly 3,000 potential buyers crammed four floors of the auction house with the spillover relegated to the limbo of nearby Finch College, where they followed the high-tension bidding and the hammerings-down on closed-circuit television.

Churchillian Lot. But before the hors d'oeuvres, business came first—which was apparently just what the audience wanted. They gasped when the first offering, an 8-in. by 6½-in. pencil and crayon drawing by Pissarro, drew a walloping \$2,300. From then on, there was no stopping them. Bids came in volleys as Chagall's *La Madone du Village* shot up to \$82,500 (v. his previous all-time high of \$77,500). Bonnard's opalescent bath peekaboo at his wife, *La Glace Haute*, went to the Carnegie Institute for \$155,000 (v. \$101,000). When Degas' *Repetition de Ballet*, a pastel and gouache painting considered

the high point of the evening, came up on the block, it was greeted like a masterful pas de deux. The winning bidder, Dealer Stephen Hahn, did not even make a move until the price was \$360,000, then calmly kept the pressure up until he had it for an unknown client at the record price of \$410,000.

The moment for sentiment came with Lot 77, the debut on the block of that late, great Sunday painter Sir Winston Churchill. The painting, a pleasant 1938 canal scene that had been owned by Churchill's former son-in-law, British Comedian Vic Oliver, bravely bubbled up to \$26,000. Its new proud possessor is Joyce Hall of Hallmark greet-



\$10,000 CALDER

ing cards, who intends to exhibit the oil at the New York World Fair.

Equally Reptilian. The postprandial sale was 43 modern works from the collection of Belgian Industrialist Philippe Dotremont. Adding a fillip to the occasion was the first appearance as auctioneer of Peter Wilson, the 6-ft. 4-in. chairman of Sotheby's of London, who last year bought out Manhattan's Parke-Bernet. Wilson suavely built up the prices with Etonian aplomb. "You have to act like a croupier in a casino," he had explained beforehand. "Not a flash. Not a flicker. You must look equally reptilian." His fangs proved golden. An Arp marble brought \$26,000, more than treble its previous high in a major auction house. Equally, two Calder mobiles went for \$9,000 and \$10,000 (v. \$2,400). Miró fetched \$57,500 (v. \$30,000). Even a newcomer like Robert Rauschenberg garnered a record \$15,000 for his 1956 *Gloria*. In all, the collection brought \$510,000, making the total for the evening \$2,855,000. "This is a record for a sale of modern art in the Western hemisphere," proudly announced Parke-Bernet. "It was a Roman orgy," groaned one exhausted bidder.

Split Chief Minister

The ancient Egyptians loathed the changes that life brings. They sought an untroubled permanence in death. Pharaohs who could afford it built pyramids to shelter them in eternity. Others enshrined themselves differently in stone. One such was Sema-tawy-tefnakht, a blood relative of Pharaoh Psamtik I, who commissioned a stylized likeness of himself in rare and unfrugal alabaster, ordered it set in the temple of Amun at Karnak. Permanence, at least in alabaster, is not man's lot; as time passed, his statue was broken in half and thrown into a pit near the temple. In 1951 the top half was bought by Richmond's Virginia Museum of Fine Arts. This month the bust was rejoined with the missing lower half to make the proud minister once more a whole man (see opposite page).

Humpty Dumpty Hunt. This miraculous reunion in Richmond owes nothing to the ancient gods of Egypt, everything to Egyptologist Bernard Bothmer of the Brooklyn Museum, a man who plays the mating game with a passion. When he first saw the broken bust in 1951, it left an indelible impression. "It was as if he were alive," recalls Bothmer. "He is tense and poised. I knew that the bottom part of the cross-legged in the stylized posture of a scribe." Then, while combing through the archives at Paris' Collège de France, Bothmer came upon a yellowed 1934 photograph of a seated figure, missing from the waist up. He began a 13-year hunt to find the bottom part in order to put this Egyptian Humpty Dumpty back together again.

Stealthy led Bothmer in 1956 to an Egyptian merchant's house in Luxor. The Virginia hust had borne the inscription of Psamtik I: the base in Luxor habbled in hieroglyphs that it was a seat for "the Count of Counts, Prince of Princes, Chief of Chiefs, Foremost Nobleman of the Companions, Eyes of the King in Upper Egypt, the King's Mouthpiece in Lower Egypt." The carving clearly identified Sema-tawy-tefnakht, known historically as Psamtik's chief minister. When the part purchased in Egypt was lifted into place in the U.S., Bothmer had his moment of triumph. "Click, it fitted right in," he beams. "The break fitted beautifully."

Alabaster Soul. Now united again after 2,600 years and surrounded by statuary from his period, Psamtik's minister has regained his look of permanence. A closed form in lustrous alabaster, his presence is pounded out of stone with a mallet as if hacked from timelessness by human persistence. The pose may be stiff, but the archaic smile on the ancient Egyptian's lips reflects an implicit belief that he has found a house for his soul and that his eyes gaze toward eternity. Yet without patient scholarship, he would only have added to the historic rubble of mankind.

REUNION IN RICHMOND



EGYPTIAN STATUE is 2,600-year-old portrait of minister Sema-tawy-tefnakht, but identity was unknown until bottom half was rejoined with bust in The Virginia Museum of Fine Arts.

MEDICINE

RESEARCH

No More Triumphs?

In the decade since Virologist Jonas Salk perfected his anti-polio vaccine, the disease has been all but wiped out in the U.S. Reported cases of paralytic polio have dramatically declined, from 18,000 cases in 1954 to a mere 94 last year; the chance of getting polio today is less than the risk of diphtheria, malaria or typhoid fever. Last week, on the tenth anniversary of the approval of the Salk vaccine for general use, congressional leaders presented Dr. Salk with a joint resolution of the Senate and House expressing the nation's gratitude. The U.S. Public Health Service's Surgeon General, Dr. Luther Terry,

course of his evolution." From fallout to new and drug-resistant strains of bacteria, not all that influence is beneficial. Medicine of the future will require "a basic science that will suggest ways to deal much more with man as a whole in his social situation."

DENTISTRY

Back to Fluorides

In 1949, Antigo, Wis. (present pop. 9,600), became one of the first communities in that state to put fluorides into its water supply in an effort to cut down tooth decay. But anti-fluoridation groups kept up a vigorous campaign, claiming that fluoride, a poison when taken in large doses, had cumulative

ROY JERVIS



SALK INSTITUTE AT SAN DIEGO

The scientific turnabout: man influences evolution.

called the virtual stamping-out of polio by the Salk vaccine and the live-virus polio vaccine, developed by Dr. Albert Sabin and approved in 1961, "a historical triumph of preventive medicine—unparalleled in history."

The triumph, however, is not likely to be duplicated in the control of cancer, heart disease and mental illness. Dr. Salk told the National Press Club in Washington. Those problems, he said, arise largely from complex internal causes rather than from a relatively simple external cause such as the virus of polio. But it is just such problems, "tied to evolution, aging and the molecular mechanisms of the cell," that Dr. Salk and his associates are now attacking at the Salk Institute for Biological Studies in San Diego.

With the help of medicine, the human organism has adapted to a continually changing environment, "but now," added Dr. Salk, "man is bringing vast and rapid changes within his environment, and is producing an effect in which it is man, not nature, who exerts a dominant influence on the future

toxic effects even when taken in small quantities. Despite doctors' denials based on extensive surveys, worried Antigo citizens pushed through a 1960 referendum repealing fluoridation. But before fluorides were eliminated from the town's water supply, the Wisconsin State Board of Health conducted a careful study of tooth decay among 600 of Antigo's kindergarten and grade-school children. Antigo became, in effect, a large-scale laboratory for the testing of fluoride as a preventive of dental decay.

Last fall the State Board of Health conducted another detailed study of Antigo's schoolchildren. The results were eloquent testimony to the effectiveness of fluoridation. Four years after the repeal, cavities had increased a jarring 92% among kindergarten children, 183% among second graders, 41% among fourth graders. Convinced by the statistics of decay and by their own rising dentists' bills, Antigo citizens voted to put fluorides back into their water supply. Last week the City Council agreed, and Antigo was back once more on the fluoridation bandwagon.

PEDIATRICS

To Nurse or Not to Nurse?

The more medical researchers learn about the benefits of mother's milk, the more wondrous a substance it seems. It helps protect the baby from such assorted ills as colic, diaper rash, gastrointestinal disorders, allergies and the common cold. Breast feeding, say some doctors, even wards off emotional disturbances later in life. And there are valuable side effects for the mother too. Her baby's sucking action stimulates the release of the hormone, oxytocin, from her pituitary gland, which causes the womb to contract and hastens recovery from childbirth. Even more important, women who have nursed are less likely to develop breast cancer. Yet for all these advantages, only two out of every five U.S. mothers give their babies the opportunity to breast feed.

Happy Ignorance. The blame, says Dr. Elmer Grossman of the University of California department of pediatrics, can be placed squarely on the nation's physicians. In the current issue of *GP*, the publication of the American Academy of General Practitioners, Pediatrician Grossman complains that too many doctors are "happy to ignore the subject" and let the mother indulge her prejudices against breast feeding.

"But I will lose my figure," is the most common argument, and it is simply not true. If a woman is flat-chested before pregnancy, chances are that nursing will make her breasts grow fuller. If she is well endowed, breast feeding does not make her flabby.

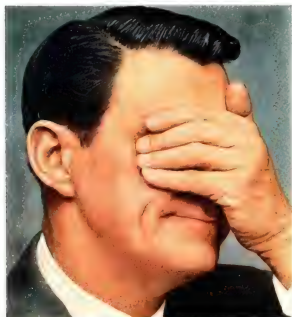
Medical evidence of the benefits of mother's milk has been steadily piling up, says Dr. Benjamin Kagan of Los Angeles' Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, and "there's a definite resurgence of interest in breast feeding. Now more than 50% of pregnant patients ask about it." But even though they ask, most mothers have doubts. Some fear that they are incapable of providing sufficient nourishment for their infants, although 90% of all women are physically capable of breast feeding their babies.

Secret of Success. The absence of milk during the first few days after childbirth may be due to nothing more than fear, worry, tension. "The arrival of a mother-in-law can dry up milk within hours. Physical strain, especially lack of sleep, is equally harmful," says Dr. Grossman in *GP*. Yet "the greatest enemies of naps are the mother's guilty awareness of unwashed floors and dirty dishes and her friends who want to see the new baby." The secret of successful nursing is simply to nurse the baby often: the process stimulates the breasts to produce more milk. A proper diet, high in fat and protein, with a stein of beer or ale twice a day, will increase the mother's milk supply almost without fail. Such simple facts, essential to successful breast feeding, should be explained to the expectant mother by her physician, says Dr. Grossman.

Have you hardened yourself against Soft Whiskey without even tasting it?

There are two types of characters who are certain Soft Whiskey doesn't work. There's the guy who's sure it's nothing but a gimmick. (He hasn't

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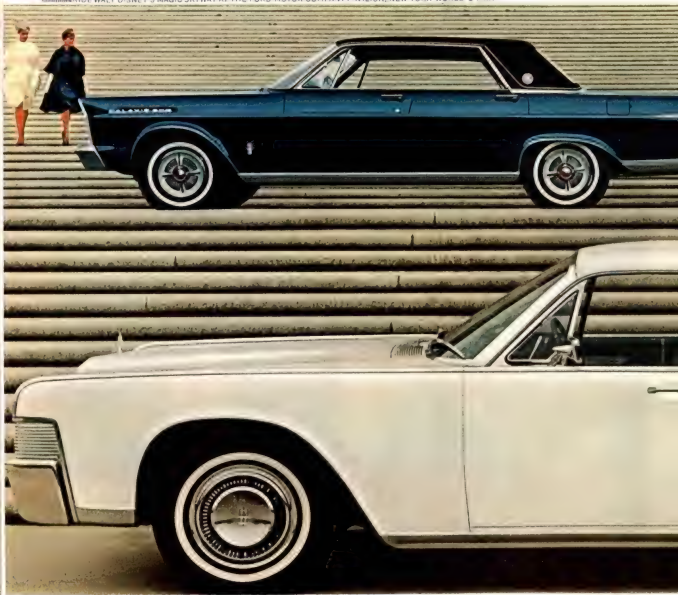
soften Calvert Extra is by distilling in small batches instead of giant ones.)

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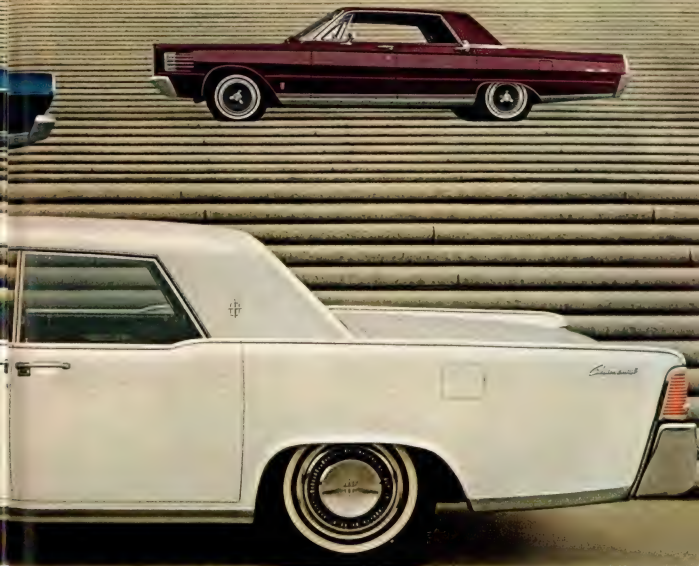
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"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood; land of the mountain and the flood"—SCOTT

There's a mist on the moors and the air is still. Only the shrill cry of the soaring falcons breaks the deep silence. The day has yielded its share of sport and with the last drive of the red grouse from the heather, the retrievers halt and the gunners gather like ancient clansmen to behold their quarry. It is at moments like this that men of action the world over seek the enjoyment and companionship of Gold Label—the internationally acclaimed cigar of superb aroma and masculine mildness. *Adventure with Gold Label anywhere in the world... it is worthy of the best times of your life.* CEDAROMA 35c ... Alumipak of 3/\$1. Gradiatz Annis, Factory No. 1, Tampa, Florida.



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THE PRESS

PRESS CONFERENCE

On the Avenue

The group had the look of a decontamination unit mopping up after an atomic explosion. Stumbling down the street, interfering with traffic, all jabbering at once, arms flailing in all directions, was a tangle of men loaded down with electronic equipment. But the only explosive item in sight was Harry Truman, out for a morning stroll while visiting Manhattan. The city's TV newsmen were on hand, milking him for every jaunty, testy word as they pursued him for 20 minutes from his hotel at Madison and 76th, over to Fifth Avenue, up a few blocks and then back again.

As always when they follow Harry on one of his walks, the TV types got all the words they wanted. The ex-President was in town to receive an award from Freedom House, an organization that promotes international cooperation, and he was in a talkative mood. The brisk stride is gone now, and he moves slowly and stiffly, but Truman at 80 still manages to stage one of the more remarkable of modern press conferences.

Above the din and bustle of cameramen, soundmen and reporters, somebody managed to shout: "What about the violence in Selma?" Answered Harry: "Busybodies brought most of it about. If they'd stayed home and tended to their own business, they'd be much better off."

The man from Independence has said the same sort of thing many times before. But either the reporters had not read their newspapers or they wanted to goad him on.

What about the march to Mont-

gomery? one asked. Didn't that seem impressive?

Not so far as Harry thought. He had meant what he said. "It was silly," he snapped. "What good did it do?"

What about civil rights leaders such as Martin Luther King and James Farmer?

"They're troublemakers."

Is Martin Luther King a troublemaker? a reporter persisted.

"One of the first-class troublemakers."

Has King made any contribution?

"He's caused more trouble than he's made a contribution."

He won a Nobel Prize, didn't he?

"I didn't give it to him."

Even at the Freedom House dinner in his honor, Truman was no less salty than he had been on his sidewalk constitutional. After receiving his award, he said: "It's wonderful to be able to hear the preaching at your own funeral and still be able to walk around."

NEWSPAPERS

Stop Worrying and Keep Publishing

At their annual convention in Washington last week, the American Society of Newspaper Editors invited TV Newscaster David Brinkley to speak his mind about the newspaper business. If they expected a kick in the shins, the editors were surprised by a pleasant pat on the back. Reporters, said Brinkley, are always asking him whether TV will ever replace the newspaper. "That is the silliest thing I ever heard of," he said. "Most of the news in the papers we cannot cover and we never will be able to. When it comes to covering news in any kind of detailed way, we are just almost not in the ball game."



HARRY TRUMAN STROLLING WITH REPORTERS
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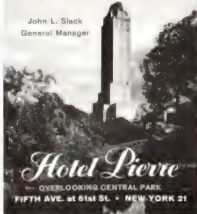
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RELIGION

MORALITY

"Today I Killed My Best Friend"

About 5 p.m. one day last week, Dorothy Butts, 50, pulled a .22-cal. pistol from her purse and with two shots killed Mary Happer, 61, a patient at the High Oaks Home for Christian Scientists in Philadelphia. As a nurse rushed into the room, Miss Butts fled and drove away in her car. Six hours later, the car was found parked outside the police station in Bethesda, Md., a Washington suburb. Miss Butts was

she had bought a gun. When they returned to Mary Happer's room at High Oaks after a drive in the country, Dorothy Butts stayed for nearly an hour and then shot her.

Distorted & Mistaken. Was the "mercy killing" justified? In the case of Mary Happer, clergymen think, the answer was clearly no. "It seems that Miss Happer still possessed a good deal of vitality," says Dr. Charles Philip Price, Episcopal preacher at Harvard. "The act of taking her life could be at best a distorted and mistaken decision." One



DOROTHY BUTTS



MARY HAPPER

Thou need'st not strive officiously to keep alive.

crumpled over the wheel, dead of a bullet through her head. Beside her body was a note: "Today I killed my best friend, Mary Happer. I had to let her find relief from the cancer pain that was killing her so cruelly."

Cure by Prayer. Texas-born Mary Happer, sister-in-law of General Maxwell D. Taylor, was the sprightly, popular treasurer of the Holton-Arms School for girls in Bethesda, where she started as a dancing teacher in 1927. Among her close friends was unpredictable, withdrawn Dorothy Butts, a Methodist and a former teacher at Holton-Arms. Early this year, Miss Happer, a Christian Scientist, began to complain of stomach pains; by March she had lost 37 lbs. Finally, despite the tenets of her faith, she was persuaded to see a doctor, who insisted that she enter a hospital for further tests of an abdominal tumor.

Instead, Mary Happer entered High Oaks, which takes only "dedicated, mature, seasoned Christian Scientists." She was treated by a Christian Science practitioner, who relied on prayer to work a cure. At least twice Miss Butts drove up from Bethesda to visit her friend. Each time, apparently, she became more concerned over Mary Happer's condition. Two days before Miss Butts's final visit,

of High Oaks's directors, in fact, insists that Mary was responding well to the spiritual treatment. Even if she was certain to die, argue pastors, no one has the right to take into his own hands the decision to shorten another person's life.

Even so, says Dean Jerald Brauer of the University of Chicago Divinity School, "the incident dramatizes the situation in which we find ourselves in regard to mercy killing. The religious community will quite soon have to rethink its whole stand on this." It is already doing so. Some Protestant theologians believe that euthanasia is morally justified to spare the suffering of the hopelessly ill. Says Unitarian Jack Mendelsohn, minister of Boston's Arlington Street Church: "There are occasions when mercy killing is justified because it is desired by the person who is ill." More cautiously, the Roman Catholic Church follows the principle, poetically and archaically articulated by the Victorian poet Arthur Hugh Clough, that "Thou shalt not kill; but need'st not strive officiously to keep alive."

In 1957, Pope Pius XII said that doctors should not use extraordinary means to keep fatally ill patients on the brink of life if the measures meant hardship for the living. Last month a study group of the Church of England declared that

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it was morally right for doctors to withhold medication that would prolong "a travesty of life or the process of dying"—a baby born without a brain, for example, or an aged man in a perpetual coma.

ECUMENISM

Public Aye, Private Fear

A glowing euphoria ended this year's Consultation on Church Union. It was the fourth annual gathering of theologians and clerical leaders to discuss Eugene Carson Blake's suggested super-church of the United Presbyterians, Methodists, Episcopalians and the United Church of Christ, who have been joined, since Blake's 1960 proposal, by the Disciples of Christ and Evangelical United Brethren. "A decisive turning point," said Episcopal Bishop Robert Gibson of Virginia. Blake, the United Presbyterians' Stated Clerk, called it "a major step forward."

On the surface, at least, the ecumenists had much to cheer about. After four days of discussion at Lexington, Ky., they agreed that the role of bishops must be preserved in the merger as a "symbol and agent of the continuity of the church." Without a dissenting vote, the consultation authorized six clerics to prepare an "outline of a possible plan of union" for next year's meeting in Dallas. Three Negro Methodist churches expressed interest in becoming full-time partners.

But these gains did not allay many private fears about the merger's future. One influential participant in the consultation thinks it possible that the Episcopalians and Methodists will howl out when a unity plan is formally proposed. Dr. Kyle Haselden, editor of *The Christian Century*, agrees that "a more likely venture is a union of the Disciples of Christ, United Church of Christ and the Presbyterians."

One reason for worry is that despite growing interfaith cooperation among ordinary churchgoers, few of them are yearning for organic unity. "We're in favor of cooperation on all kinds of social levels, but we're not in favor of a monolithic structure," says one active Episcopal layman in Los Angeles.

Some ecumenists fear also that it may be even harder to resolve the economic problem of merging church properties and ecclesiastical funds than it is to settle doctrinal disputes of primary interest to theologians. This down-to-earth secular issue may well prove the ultimate stumbling block for the diffident, well-organized Methodists, who are three times more numerous than any other church involved in the consultation, and who seem more interested in cementing ties of friendship within world Methodism. Bishop F. Gerald Ensley of Columbus, Ohio, warned that his church "already has its hands full" negotiating its own merger with the Evangelical United Brethren.



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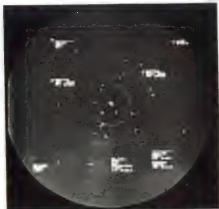
Controlling Traffic by Numbers

At busy, big city airports where planes arrive and depart in droves, traffic controllers have powerful radars to help them keep track of the high-speed activity. But planes show up on the crowded radarscopes as small luminous blips that are sometimes difficult to identify properly, and a mix-up of blips may lead to disaster.

At the Atlanta airport a new system designed to dispel such confusion began advanced tests last week. Arriving airplanes make their appearances on the Atlanta scope as the usual blips, which look very much alike, but planes participating in the test carry electronic transponders that send back a coded signal along with their radar echoes. A computer built into the intricate electronic system provides information for a luminous square of letters and numerals that appears on the scope beside the blip. Called an "alphanumeric data block," it identifies the airplane and gives its altitude, which the transponder gets automatically from the plane's altimeter and sends along to a receiver on the ground.

Guided by the computer, which can track simultaneously any reasonable number of airplanes, the alphanumeric block follows the blip through all its turns and circlings. As the plane slants down for a landing, the blocks report its changes of altitude. Even when the scope is swarming with blips there is practically no danger that they will get mixed up, and the controller can always tell from the altitude figures whether planes that are approaching each other are actually in danger of colliding.

The new system is not officially in use yet at any airport, but on the basis of the Atlanta tests, the Federal Aviation Agency already considers it successful and hopes to install it soon at major U.S. fields.



RADARSCOPE WITH DATA BLOCKS
Blip. Blip. Blip. Blip. Blip. Blip.

SPACE

Getting Around by Voice Control

Outside his orbiting capsule in his own space suit, an astronaut will be a man beset by problems. A brief pulse of power from a backpack rocket will start him moving in any direction he desires, but it will take another carefully calculated pulse to stop him, still others to move him up, down, backward or into a turn. How will he handle the continuous need to control his versatile little rocket without letting that one job keep him too busy for other useful work?

Answers to such questions fill a 287-page data-packed report to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration prepared by Honeywell Inc. Once they started working on the problems of personal space flight control, Honeywell engineers were soon tangled in startling complexities. The most obvious scheme was one of the first to be discarded. Levers similar to the conventional aircraft control stick would be all but impossible of operation by a man with his arms in the stiff sleeves of an inflated space suit. And more important, an astronaut's hands would have to be free for a variety of exacting tasks.

A search began for subtler ways to control an AMU (Astronaut Maneuvering Unit). Some of them, such as motions of the leg, feet, head or torso, were quickly rejected by Honeywell engineers as too difficult for an astronaut floating in a clumsy space suit. Somewhat more attractive was control by the astronaut's eye movements. A photocell watching the position of the eyeball could steer the astronaut to any target at which he looked steadily. But such control would not be enough. The astronaut would sometimes want to move backwards, and in any case he must always have his eyes free for looking from side to side. Control by small electrical currents generated when an astronaut moved certain chosen muscles was rejected as too difficult to make practical.

By Mouth. Finally Honeywell settled on the astronaut's mouth. Lip and tongue motions might do the job, but there is not much room in a space helmet, and extra equipment placed there would probably interfere with necessary speech over the radio. And the Honeywell men had a strong hunch that most astronauts would object to apparatus hitched to their lips or tongue.

A better possibility was the astronaut's breath. He might puff gently into sensing devices that would convey his commands to the AMU. But this system would not be accurate, and the extra puffing would waste oxygen and deposit undesirable moisture in the space suit's helmet.

Then tone was considered. The astronaut might hum different notes, and a simple device could translate this code

into control commands. This system, which has been widely used in telephone switching, was rejected, says the report, because it relies "on musical skills not naturally possessed to any marked extent by the average astronaut."

By Words. The final decision was in favor of control by words. There are plenty of devices available that can distinguish with precision between a limited number of spoken words. The Honeywell men figured that a vocabulary of ten normal words was enough to give all needed commands. When the



MISSION OUTSIDE CAPSULE
"Yaw. Yaw. Yaw."

astronaut wants his gas jets to turn him to one side, say the engineers, all he should have to do is say "yaw" into his microphone. If he wants to make a fast turn, he will say "yaw, yaw, yaw." Direction of the yaw will be determined by saying "plus" or "minus," and the computer that is listening will tell the mechanism to execute the command.

Other word commands are "X," "Y" and "Z," which call for motion in one of three directions. The astronaut can also say "stop," to end whatever action is going on, or "cage" to shut down the whole apparatus. "Stop-plus" and "stop-minus" might be used to switch on the gyro apparatus that keeps his attitude stabilized within two different degrees of accuracy.

No voice command apparatus has yet been built, but the Honeywell engineers say that all its components can be available in the near future. And they are satisfied that the astronauts will approve. There will be no uncomfortable gadgets hitched to their tongues or eyes; all they will need do is speak clearly in a simple, natural code. The computer will pay no attention to the rest of their speech—at least as long as they are careful not to use the code words in meaningful combinations.



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PRO BASKETBALL

Spirit of '76

It was a classic confrontation: potentate v. parvenu, defense v. offense. The Boston Celtics. Eastern Basketball Association champions for six straight years, were the most successful team in the history of professional sport. The Philadelphia 76'ers did not even exist two years ago. The pride of the Celtics was Bill Russell (6 ft. 10 in.), the N.B.A.'s four-time Most Valuable Player, a brooding defensive genius who gobbles sleeping pills and vomits from tension before every game. The pillar of the 76'ers was Wilt The Stilt Chamberlain, a giant (7 ft. 11¹⁰/₁₆ in.) among giants, who has scored as many as 100 points in a single game, who calls everybody "baby," including his lavender Bentley, and whose bitterness about the game almost equals his success.

Sixteen times in the past five months the two teams had fought it out, and the issue was still in doubt: each had won eight games. Last week in Boston they tried once more—in the finals of the Eastern Division play-offs.

At first it looked like a rout. While Russell controlled the backboards, covering Chamberlain like a shroud, Guard Sam Jones poured in 18 points in the first quarter, and the Celtics leaped into a 35-26 lead. Where was Wilt? All of a sudden, he was there and everywhere. He banked a hook shot high off the backboard, dropped a layup through the net. What's more, the rest of the 76'ers caught fire too; by halftime they were ahead 62-61.

Elbow Deep. Back into the game for Boston rushed the Celtics' "sixth man," Forward John Havlicek, who trained for the unsung-hero role as Ohio State's

No. 2 man behind three-time All-American Jerry Lucas. Havlicek scored 15 points, and the Celtics bounced back. With 5 sec. to go and Boston leading 110-107, Chamberlain leaped up and rammed the ball through the basket—all the way up to his elbow.

Fine, futile gesture. The Celtics still led 110-109, and they had the ball. All they had to do was freeze, and the game would be over. So the incredible happened. Trying to flip the ball in bounds, Russell gasped with horror as it clipped a support wire on the backboard and caromed off court. There were still 5 sec. left and the 76'ers had the ball again, under the Celtics' basket. Quickly, they called time out. Coach Dolph Schayes outlined his strategy: Guard Hal Greer was to pass deep to Forward Chet Walker, set up a long set shot; Chamberlain was to station himself under the basket and try to stuff in the rebound. In the Boston huddle, Coach Red Auerbach simply told the Celtics to gang up on Chamberlain. Then he turned to Forward Havlicek: "Keep an eye on Walker."

Souvenir Sneaker. Havlicek watched nervously as Greer set himself to throw the ball in. "I could tell he was going deep," he said. "I decided to gamble on the interception." Greer threw. Havlicek pounced. Timing his jump perfectly, he reached up and deflected the ball—straight into the hands of Teammate Sam Jones. The buzzer sounded, and by the narrowest of margins—one slim point—the Celtics retained the Eastern Division championship.

Delirious fans swarmed out of the stands and stormed the court as the weary Celtics tottered to the locker room. A souvenir hunter ripped a sneaker right off Bill Russell's foot. Of course, it was not over yet: the Celtics still had to get past the Los Angeles Lakers to rack up their seventh straight N.B.A. title. "Oh, they'll win," shrugged Chamberlain. But next year, baby! Maybe.

GOLF

Smiling Jack

Popularity should be no problem when you're 25, personable, and a full-fledged millionaire. But it has been for Jack Nicklaus, who has never attracted the enthusiastic throngs who root for his rivals. "I don't know why," he puzzles. "Maybe people resented my coming up so young and winning so fast." Now Jack figures he's got the problem licked. He's keeping himself at a practically svelte 208 lbs. nowadays, and hardly anybody calls him "Baby Beef" any more. He has even learned to smile—which, in Jack's case, is not as easy as it sounds. "For some reason," he explains, "it's hard to make a big smile on my face. Other people just move their lips and they've got the nicest, biggest smile. I have to work at it."

The Power of Peale. Still, going into last week's Masters Tournament at Augusta, Ga., golf's No. 1 money winner (\$113,284 in 1964) was in anything but a jovial mood: he had not won a tournament in six months, and his official earnings this year totaled a piddling \$14,400—hardly enough to support the new blue and white Aero Commander he flies around the circuit. He was worried about his wife, who's expecting their third child, and bothered by his back, which was aching so badly that he wore a special orthopedic lift in one shoe (his right leg is $\frac{1}{2}$ in. shorter than the left). Nicklaus, however, was the 4-1 betting favorite over the likes of four-time Champion Arnold Palmer (6-1) and South Africa's Gary Player (8-1), who had worked himself into a fine frenzy for the Masters by lifting weights, eating wheat germ, and boning up on Norman Vincent Peale's *The Power of Positive Thinking*. Pealed Player: "I'm playing so well I can't believe it."

So he was. So was Palmer. And so was Nicklaus. Pro golf's Big Three al-



NICKLAUS COAXING A PUTT AT AUGUSTA
Some people do it just by moving their lips.

ready had a few things in common: a TV show (*Big Three Golf*) and the same attorney, business manager and agent (who has a lot in common, too, since he's all the same person). After two days at the Masters, they shared something else: the lead, at six under par. "Disgusting!" said one pro. "Show-off!" huffed another. They hadn't seen anything yet. Warming up for the third round, Nicklaus belted six drives the length (280 yds.) of the practice tee, sending each soaring over a clump of pine trees onto a six-lane highway beyond. He held a brief courtesy conference with some golf-equipment sales representatives. Then he started for the first tee. "Sorry, fellows," he said, "it's time for me to go to work."

All Pumped Up. Only once in the 18 wondrous holes that followed did Jack fail to hit a green in regulation figures. Five times, by his own estimate checked against a detailed chart of the course that he kept in his back pocket, he drove 350 yds. or more. "My adrenaline is running strong," Nicklaus beamed. "I'm all pumped up inside." The longest club he used for a second shot all day—even on the four par-five holes—was a No. 3 iron. And his putting? On the second hole, Jack rolled in a 22-footer for a birdie. On the fourth, he sank an eight-footer; on the sixth, a 20-footer. By the turn, he was five under par, and three more birdies on the back nine gave him an eight-under-par 64—tying the course record set by Lloyd Mangrum in 1940, when the course was several strokes easier to play.

Now Nicklaus' new smile became almost a fixture. The gallery knew a winner when it saw one: on the last day, an admiring crowd of 25,000 turned out to trail Jack around the course. Tied with Player for second place at eight under par, Arnie Palmer buttonholed Tournament Director Clifford Roberts. "Mr. Roberts," he cracked, "how about letting Gary and me double our scores so we can have a playoff with Jack?" Even that wouldn't have been enough. Sporting

a floppy white hat for which he had to shell out \$6.50 at the pro shop ("it would sell for \$3 anyplace else"), chatting casually with spectators lining the fairways, Nicklaus fired a last-round 69 that gave him a nine-stroke victory worth \$20,000 and a 72-hole total of 271—three strokes better than Ben Hogan's 1953 Masters record.

"Unbelievable," sighed Palmer. "Fantastic," agreed Player. So what's next for Jack Nicklaus? Well, there's always the Grand Slam, the unrequited dream of every golfing great. He would only have to win the Masters, U.S. Open, P.G.A. and British Open—all this year, of course. "And why not?" demanded Jack. "After all, I'm the only one who can."

BASEBALL

Wait Till Next Year

The best way to describe how the baseball season opened is to coin a phrase about the way the ball bounces. There were some pretty crazy hops:

► In Bloomington, Minn., the New York Yankees got the season off to a rip-snorting start by committing five errors in one game against the Minnesota Twins. The Twins committed only three, so naturally they won, 5-4. "Worst game I ever saw," snapped Yankee Manager Johnny Keane.

► In Los Angeles, where it seldom rains, the Angels had to postpone their home opener and hand out rain checks. They couldn't exactly blame Mexico's former President Miguel Alemán, who gave the city a statue of the Aztec rain god, Tlaloc, on March 27. But it did rain for 13 straight days, right through the opening.

► In Kansas City, Athletics Owner Charles O. ("Call Me Charlie") Finley invoked his own brand of voodoo before his club took on the Detroit Tigers. Finley 1) rode around the bases on the back of a mule called Charlie O, 2) took possession of five monkeys, a doe, rabbits, pheasants and peafowl donated by admiring fans, and 3) produced a beauty queen to act as bat girl. The Athletics lost anyway, 6-2.

► In St. Louis, Cardinal Manager Red Schoendienst was beginning to wonder whatever had become of the world-champion team that he distinctly remembered inheriting from Johnny Keane. In four games, the best the Cards could manage was a tie with the Chicago Cubs. Groaned Schoendienst: "I've got a headache."

But, as the French, who don't play baseball, observe, the more things change, the more they stay the same. In New York, 37,999 fans turned out at Shea Stadium to watch the New York Mets take on the Los Angeles Dodgers and Pitcher Don Drysdale, whose lifetime record against the Mets was 13-1. By the end of the first inning, the Dodgers were ahead 2-0, and the grandstand blossomed with derogatory signs. PHOOEY! said one. Said another: WAIT TILL NEXT YEAR.



FLAG RAISER (RIGHT) FINISHING
Some like it rare.

HORSE RACING

Bon Voyage!

Before last week's \$91,900 Wood Memorial at Aqueduct, Wheatley Stable's Trainer Bill Winfrey pointed gaily to the magnificent shiner that one of his horses had given him when it kicked him in the barn. "Tell you what I'll do," he said, "if they beat our Bold Lad, I'll eat the steak I've been wearing on my eye."

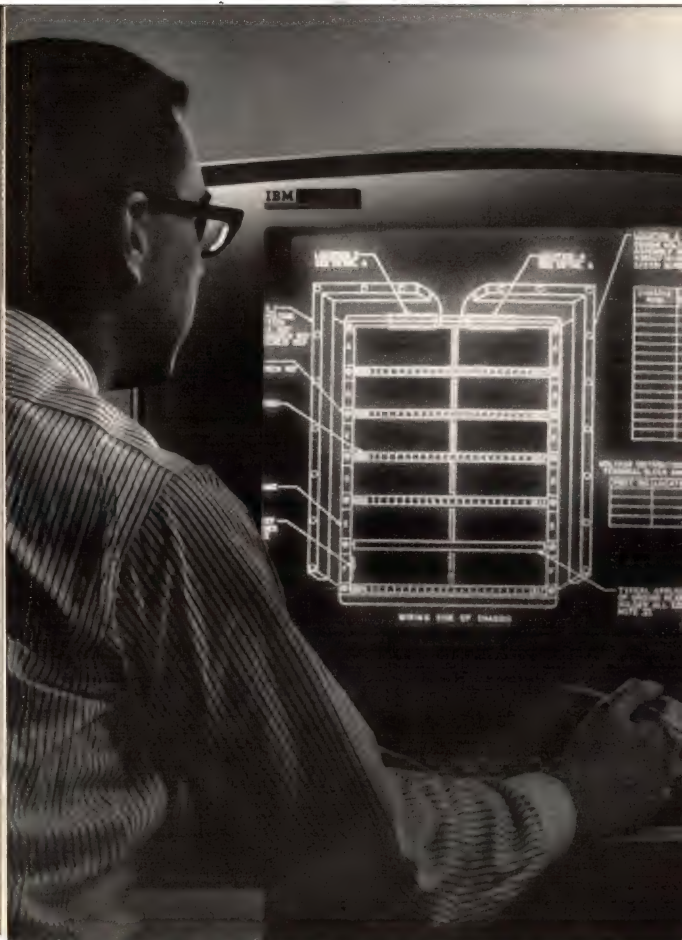
Cook it rare. At post time, the odds on Bold Lad were 1-2—despite the fact that last year's two-year-old champion had raced only once since last October, had never run around two turns, or gone the 11-mile distance of the Wood. He had been laid up all winter with painful "splints," tumor-like growths on his shins. Nonetheless, he had won six straight stakes and \$392,996, and odds makers already had installed him as the 8-5 favorite to win the Kentucky Derby May 1. Nobody paid much attention to Isador Bieber's Flag Raiser (odds: 7-1), a colt that anybody could have claimed for \$7,000 last April—if anybody had wanted him. True, Flag Raiser had won two in a row, including this month's Gotham Stakes, by a total of 91 lengths, but the railbirds insisted that he was strictly "early speed."

Better early than late. At the break, Flag Raiser shot in front, opened up a five-length lead, Bold Lad moved into second place and stayed there, while the rest of the eleven-horse field was strung out up the track. Going into the final turn, Jockey Manuel Ycaza clucked to Bold Lad, and the white-stockinged chestnut slowly began to close the gap. But Flag Raiser was far from through. With Jockey Bob Ussery whipping furiously, he beat off Bold Lad's challenge, and in the end it was the favorite who tired. Almost unnoticed, Mrs. Ben Cohen's Hail to All (odds: 6-1) came out of nowhere to take the place.

"We'll send our horse to the Derby," promised Flag Raiser's happy trainer, Hirsch Jacobs, who has never had a Derby champ although he has sent more winners to the post than any other trainer in the U.S. "He's earned the trip." *Bon voyage!* Over the years, some pretty fair horses have won the Wood. Nashua, Bold Ruler and Native Dancer, for example. All three went to Churchill Downs. All three were Derby favorites. None won.



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U.S. BUSINESS

WALL STREET

Back to the Blue Chips

Wall Street hates a mystery—uncertainty is bad for the market—but it has harbored a mystery of its own for the past few weeks. While the U.S. economy enjoyed its fastest-rising first quarter in peacetime history, while hundreds of stocks surged ahead, while the bulls clearly outnumbered the bears on the Street, the Dow-Jones average of 30 industrial blue chips barely moved after it hit a record of 906 in early February. Last week, in a series of stirring sessions, the blue chips finally took off. Led by General Motors, A.T. & T., Woolworth and Swift, the market climbed to records on three straight days. The Dow-Jones soared from 901 to a new high of 912, barely retreated to close the week at 911.

Sitting on Cash. The blue chips, big and broadly held, were just catching up with what the smaller issues have done so far this year. While the Dow-Jones stocks rose only 2% during the first quarter, calculates Wright's Investors' Service, the 1,226 commonly traded issues on the New York Exchange jumped an average 8% each. Among the sharpest gainers, Admiral Corp. rose 58%, KLM Airlines 94%, Allied Products 137%. Wall Street's smaller, cheaper issues (average prices: \$52 for all stocks on the Exchange v. \$75 for the Dow-Jones blue chips) have been sent up by Main Street's small-money investors and other private traders. After being scared away by the 1962 break, investors trading in odd lots of fewer than 100 shares are steadily moving back into the market; they accounted for 71% of the trading volume in the first quarter.

One main reason that the Dow-Jones averages have not kept pace with other

stocks is that the large institutions, which account for 25% of the market's trading and deal mostly in blue chips, have been sitting on their cash. Surveying the mutual funds, pension funds and insurance companies, E. F. Hutton & Co. found that, from January to April, 20 out of 25 of them sold more than they bought. In last week's surge, insiders spied a change in the institutions' attitude. Reported Bache & Co. to its customers: "The institutions, which were on the sidelines for several weeks, appear to have re-entered the market, as evidenced by the number of large blocks traded in recent sessions."

Positive Outlook. The institutions are moving back in because the market is sturdier than a month or two ago, and offers some good buys among the blue chips. The market has successfully absorbed a series of new stock offerings (notably General Aniline's), which normally bleed cash from other stocks, and it has weathered the usual rush of tax selling before April 15. On the international front, the U.S.'s military gains in Viet Nam, the nation's apparently successful campaign to narrow its balance-of-payments deficit and Britain's determination to solve its problems with a belt-tightening budget have generally given Wall Street a more positive outlook. Then, of course, there are all those record corporate profits (up some 9% in the first quarter) and bright economic indicators at home (see THE NATION). So long as they continue, the stock market is almost certain to move well up into the 900s by year's end, even if it does not reach the magic 1000 figure that some Wall Streeters look for.

ADVERTISING

As Long As You're Up, Get Their Attention

"The trade of advertising," Samuel Johnson said, "is now so near perfection that it is not easy to propose any improvement." Run that statement up any flagpole along Madison Avenue and a thousand admen will haul out their double-barreled Purdeys from Abercrombie & Fitch and pepper it to pieces. Not improve! The hallmark of advertising is improvement: bigger, better, brighter, newer, whiter, faster, cleaner. That goes for the advertising industry as well as for the products, and 1965 is unfolding for U.S. agencies as a bigger, better and brighter year than any before it.

Led by Marion Harper's sprawling Interpublic, whose eight agencies will bill \$660 million, the 618 U.S. agencies expect to place a record \$7.5 billion worth of advertising by year's end. The best news in the ad world, however, is that the ads are improving along with the industry's fortunes. A new sprightliness has come to advertising, marked by an increasing number of ads that are more whimsical, low keyed, imaginative and natural—in short, more fun to read, hear or view. "Up till recently," says Arthur C. Fatt, chairman of Grey Advertising, "we were concerned with whether or not people saw our advertisements. Now we are more concerned with what impression the advertisement makes."

Slightly Apologetic. The change has been forced on the ad world by the increasing sophistication and affluence of the consumer. "The consumer is not a moron," says David Ogilvy of Ogilvy, Benson & Mather. "She is your wife." With 1,500 ads a day assailing his eyes and ears, the U.S. consumer has

You don't have to be Jewish



to love Levy's

real Jewish Boy

A BIT OF WHIMSY



BAGGAGE, AMERICAN STYLE



SMIRNOFF OR ELSE

TAKING IT STRAIGHT

"The consumer is not a moron; she's your wife."

built up what Ogilvy calls "a crust of indifference." The result, according to a new study by the American Association of Advertising Agencies: he automatically shuts out more than 1,400 of the daily ad pitches, reacts to only 13.

To place their products among those 13, admen have switched to new and offbeat ways to capture consumer attention, including pop and op art. The most successful technique is being widely imitated. It is known as the "Bernbach Syndrome" after the ad firm of Doyle Dane Bernbach, and it consists of a wry, conversational, slightly apologetic approach to selling. Doyle Dane is responsible for some of the most fetching current ads, including those for Levy's Jewish Rye bread and the low-keyed, underdog-bidding Avis rent-a-car ads (which led Hubert Humphrey to say: "I try harder. I have to. I'm only No. 2"). Doyle Dane's new service

trating on discovering attitudes and awareness among young people, then pitching attractive and exotic ads to them that show such dream-wish Honda riders as a girl in a cocktail dress and a handsome man in a business suit speeding off to the theater. And, beginning roughly with the Hunt Food ad for catsup, the graphics of ads have vastly improved: more color, less clutter, better photography.

"Go to London." Perhaps the most significant innovation is advertising's increasing recognition of the new affluence and its effort to appeal to it. Airlines no longer advertise ordinary food: it comes from "21," Voisin or Maxim's of Paris. Pan Am ads now ask: "Want to see an off-Broadway show? Go to London for the weekend." Chivas Regal Scotch boasts that its price (\$8.90 a fifth) is higher than others, whimsically advises Scotch drinkers to "drop an

GOVERNMENT

The Gold Warriors

British Prime Minister Harold Wilson went to Washington last week not to ask for money but to talk about it—and the talk focused attention on the small band of Americans who are the nation's front-line strategists in the gold war. In one hectic day, Wilson managed to share Scotch and headaches with the Secretaries of Treasury and Commerce, the chairman of the Federal Reserve, the chief presidential economist and a score of their crude underlings. These puissant men, almost all of them newcomers to the first team, are increasingly called upon by the rising pressures of international finance to negotiate with foreign dignitaries, to defend the dollar and preserve gold, while simultaneously helping to lighten the U.S. taxpayer's burden and spur the nation's



FOWLER



CONNOR



ACKLEY



DEMING



MARTIN

Under rising pressures, sharing Scotch and headaches.

series for American Airlines includes a radio spot that explains how American's baggage handlers are choreographed as carefully as ballet dancers in order to improve their speed. It quickly sets up another underdog, "No. no, Steinhouser," the baggagemaster shouts as a tinny piano bangs out a tune. "You're not making it, Steinhouser." In perhaps its most famous campaign, Doyle Dane originated the "Think Small" motif for Volkswagen.

The same combination of naturalness and whimsy is practiced by Papert, Koenig, Lois, which made Quaker Puffed Rice's "shot from guns" into a scene reminiscent of *The Guns of Navarone*, with a gun crew in crash helmets and an overscoring of the *1812 Overture*. The guns roar; the rice flies. In its Land Rover ads, San Francisco's Freeman, Gossage & Shea has taken a hand from the Rolls-Royce clock: "The loudest noise comes from the roar of the engine." Gumbinner-North uses traditional testimonials for Smirnoff Vodka, but adds a shot of wry.

Whimsical or not, all the ad firms nowadays are high on "creativity"—their catchall term for imagination, provocativeness, a good twist. Tureyton cigarette sales are up 26% because of the black eyes ("Us Tureyton smokers would rather fight than switch!") provided by Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborne. Grey Advertising has created a Honda motorcycle boom by concen-

occasional dime in last season's empty" for another bottle at Christmas.

Not everyone is happy about the trend, of course. "When times get better, the ads get worse," growls hard-selling Rosser Reeves, chairman of Ted Bates & Co. "There's not so much pressure for sales. Copywriters tend to swing way out because it's more fun." Says Fairfax Cone, executive committee chairman of Foote, Cone & Belding: "We're going through a period when people have forgotten what advertising is supposed to do. It's not supposed to amuse. It's not supposed to shock. Every time an ad is good, it's because it says something."

Despite such criticism, what the ads seem to be saying nowadays is that admen realize that much of their audience has changed—and that advertising, like taste in general, had better change with it. TV has its growing crop of white knights, whirling tornadoes and levitating washers to prove that the hard sell can call on imagination too, but the real symbol of the new look in advertising is a quietly petulant young man in turtleneck sweater, horn-rimmed glasses, and ski boots, created by the small Hockaday Associates. From his comfortable chair he asks: "As long as you're up get me a Grant's." When he first appeared three years ago he seemed so low key as to be pointless, but now his request, endlessly parodied, is part of the language.

economic growth. How do they operate and how are they doing?

► Henry Hamill Fowler, 56, the Treasury Secretary, is the financial man who carries the greatest weight at the White House right now. A favorite of Lyndon Johnson's, he almost daily uses his close contacts with Wall Street's bankers and Capitol Hill, cultivated during three years as Under Secretary. "Joe" Fowler's aides moan about his hard pace (usually 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.), which has them working on a dozen different projects, including planning this year's excise-tax reductions and cracking down on abuses of tax-exempt foundations. The first man Wilson sought out in Washington, Fowler agreed with the Prime Minister on the urgent need for world monetary reform to expand the international supply of capital and protect the U.S. gold hoard, which last week dropped another \$150 million to a 27-year low of \$14.4 billion.

► Frederick Deming, 52, Treasury Under Secretary for Monetary Affairs, directs a secret Treasury study of ways to reform the monetary system, has become the nation's chief tactician in the day-to-day gold maneuverings and the most widely traveled member of the top team, jetting once a month to monetary meetings in Europe. A domestic money expert who headed Minneapolis' Federal Reserve Bank, Deming hardly knew Europe's clubby central bankers when he moved into his job

Chesterfield People:

They like a mild smoke, but just don't like filters. (How about you?)



Dale McRoberts, Sr. is a building security guard in California



Tami Apt operates an art gallery in New York



Chesterfield People smoke satisfied. Do you?



Floyd Cummins is a commercial fisherman in Washington

If you like a mild smoke, but don't like filters—try today's Chesterfield King. Vintage tobaccos—grown mild, aged mild, blended mild. Made to taste even milder through longer length. They satisfy!

CHESTERFIELD KING tastes great...tastes mild!



Front runner

Gravelly attachments are out-front for greater maneuverability, safety, performance.

The Gravelly charges into lawn and garden chores head first. It has a nose for new ways of getting tough jobs done faster, easier, better. With safer out-front attachments working for you, you can see what you're doing all the time. And you'll like what you see. Mowing is just a walk (or ride, if you're sitting on a sulky), plowing a garden is a quick caper, and scooping or blowing snow is a snap. With 31 attachments, Gravelly has the fixtures and features you deserve. Give the Gravelly a go at your local dealer's now. Or give the Gravelly a look in our new free catalog. Write now; it's a whiz. So is the Gravelly. Use our budget plan for your Gravelly Front runner.

GRAVELLY



6444 GRAVELLY LANE
DUNBAR,
WEST VIRGINIA 25064

last January. Deming was hand-picked for the job by his predecessor, Robert Roosa, who gave him two pieces of advice: For the first year, make no public statements and do not bring your wife to Washington—you will have too much homework to do. (Deming will hit the lecture trail this month, and Mrs. Deming will move in from Minneapolis this fall.)

► William McChesney Martin Jr., 58, veteran (since 1951) chairman of the Federal Reserve, is second only to Fowler in influence at the White House. President Johnson knows that Martin is a force to be reckoned with: he heads a proudly independent agency and is the U.S. economic official most closely heeded by Europe's central bankers, who consider him the staunchest guardian of U.S. fiscal responsibility. Last week it became clear that Martin is helping to fight the payments deficit and gold outflow by slowly raising short-term interest rates—a move that pleases the foreign bankers more than it pleases Johnson, an easy-money man. The Federal Reserve reported that its member banks' cash reserves are at a five-year low.

► John Connor, the Commerce Secretary, left the presidency of Merck & Co. to find himself suddenly doctoring the nation's money ailments. He uses his chummy ties with the nation's top businessmen to persuade them to restrict foreign investing, last week received the first reports from 623 corporate chiefs on what they are doing to retrench. White House aides grumble that he has stolen too much of the spotlight in the payments-balancing act, and that he too vigorously defends the business establishment. Unlike the last several Commerce Secretaries, Connor has become a major adviser to the President, so far has helped to beat down Martin's pressures for tougher, direct controls on capital exports.

► Gardner Ackley, 49, the President's chief economist, has yet to achieve the influence that Walter Heller had, but he is a quiet technician with a penchant for anonymity that pleases Johnson. Ackley is a potent force because he has the President's ear, confers with him daily. In a report last week, he told the President that the U.S. economy is expanding faster than at any time in peacetime history, but that growth may slow after the steel settlement relieves buying pressure. All of this is likely to make Johnson less eager to use tighter credit and higher interest rates as weapons in the world money campaign.

The money team has its weaknesses, of course, but it is versatile and well balanced. Johnson will rely on Joe Fowler and Jack Connor to sell his policies to the nation's businessmen, Bill Martin and Fred Deming to deal with the international moneymen, and Ackley to pick the brains of the nation's economists. In the coming skirmishes over money policy, these few men are destined to wield more and more power.

If you use or plan to get a desk-top photocopier, it will pay you to read this...now.

1. There are a great many brands of desk-top copiers on the market today.

2. Between them, they have caused something of a revolution in office procedures. Photocopying is sensible, convenient, time- and money-saving.

3. Because of claims and counter-claims of alleged superiorities by individual photocopying manufacturers, the buyer (renter or leaser) can only be tremendously confused. One machine will do a little thing that another one doesn't, and, while this may be an "exclusive," it is very frequently an unimportant one. Most machines on the market have such a claim to make. Usually it's blown up out of all proportion to its usefulness.

4. Most photocopy machines do a good job, but the one standard complaint is that they break down frequently unless handled carefully. When you come to rely on a photocopier, this is hard to take.

5. The SCM 44™ photocopier does what other copiers do — it makes clean, fast, readable copies. Like the others, it has some small exclusives, but we won't bore you with them. It has one outstanding advantage — a much better record than any other machine for "time on" instead of "time off." In short, it's a real work-horse. Anyone can use it, and it'll keep going hour after hour, day after day.

6. Sooner or later, you will want a

photocopier. When you do, investigate them all — or as many as you want to. Include the SCM 44 in your investigation. If you have a machine now, but are having trouble, try ours. The record proves the SCM 44 keeps on working — regardless of whether you use it for a few copies at a time or run it all day long.

7. If you're happy with the photocopier you have now — good! We want more people to use photocopiers, because we'll get our share of the business.

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410 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022

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More than ninety-nine times out of a hundred, 25,000 to 30,000 times a year, that's the final report from our Special Handling Unit on buying or selling some particular block of listed stock.

Blocks of 2,000...4,000...12,000 shares. Blocks at \$20, \$40, \$140 a share. Blocks that just don't lend themselves to normal handling because the market's too thin or there's too little activity in the stock. Blocks that might have a marked effect on current prices if not handled in a special way.

That's the kind of order Special Handling delights in.

Because this hand-picked staff keeps a card file that virtually covers the globe as far as buying or selling interest in particular stocks is concerned.

Because it maintains constant contact with a dozen major metropolitan banks and, as part of our Institutional Department, with thousands of other block buyers or block sellers.

Because every morning, over our own private wire network, it alerts 2,400 Merrill Lynch Account Executives about all the blocks we are in touch with, and when we line up a new one to buy or sell during the trading day, the news is flashed to them "double race."

Because Special Handling simply hates to admit—ever—that it can't complete a trade.

How much does buyer or seller pay for Special Handling service?

One, single, standard commission on whatever Exchange the transaction is executed.

If you'd like Special Handling to go to work on a block for you—either buying or selling—simply call or write, in complete confidence, to—

ALLAN D. GULLIVER, Vice President



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PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

**MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC.**

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HOTELS

Home at Last

So that he would be sure to open his "100th" hotel—a nice, round, significant number—in Boston, Sheraton Hotels' Chairman Ernest Henderson designated recent acquisitions 99A and 99B. The subterfuge is excusable. Though he and a partner began the Sheraton chain in Boston 28 years ago, Henderson has kept so busy building hotels elsewhere that he never did get around to opening a new Sheraton in New England, contented himself with buying up other hotels (such as Boston's venerable Copley Plaza) and rechristening them.

This week Henderson finally gets what he wants. The \$30 million, 1,012-room Sheraton-Boston opens its doors as one of the main attractions of the city's new Prudential Center. There will be no movie-starred gala of the kind that Connie Hilton goes in for; instead, serious, art-loving Ernest Henderson, 68, scheduled a forum on "The Free Society and Its Posture in World Affairs, 1965." "I think," said he, "that it will leave a more lasting impression."

The new hotel has a 40-room VIP penthouse, Louis XVI furniture, murals painted on silver tea paper from Hong Kong, three kinds of crystal in the ballroom chandelier, five restaurants that range from old New England to the French provinces, and balcony rooms overlooking a swimming pool. The new 29-story building is also a good example of how the modern hotel is becoming a cross between a convention hall and a garage, with bedrooms upstairs. It has free parking in its basement garage and a separate lobby for guests who come by car, offers doorways leading directly into the adjoining War Memorial Auditorium; it also provides a translation room equipped with earphone connections to handle ten languages simultaneously. Even before its opening, the Sheraton-Boston had booked \$14 million in convention business through 1975.

This is the way, Henderson believes, that downtown hotels can win back the customers who deserted them for the motel. Henderson expects to build no more hotels himself. His chain, which has surpassed Hilton as the world's largest in number of hotels, has an overall occupancy rate 12% higher than the U.S. average of 63%, and for fiscal 1964 will hike its sales 8% to about \$250 million. Henderson would rather manage new hotels for someone else—Prudential Insurance owns his Boston hotel—or franchise the Sheraton name and services. Of 102 hotels that stretch from Tel Aviv to Taxco, Mexico, Sheraton now owns only 46; ten others under construction or in the planning state will all be franchises. Company funds, meanwhile, will be channeled into modernizing Sheraton's sometimes less than satisfactory lobbies, elevators and 10,000 bathrooms.



MILES COMPTON & BEARDSLEY
Speedy relief for a lack of pep.

CORPORATIONS

For That Great Feeling

Elkhart, Ind., is quite a town. It has 40,000 inhabitants—and 40 millionaires. It is the site of an early Indian battlefield, the musical-instrument capital of the U.S., the center of more mobile-home makers (50) than any other spot on earth. Elkhart also has a special relationship with—and dependence on—the upset stomachs, nervous headaches and run-down feelings of the nation. It is the home of Miles Laboratories, maker of two of the world's most popular household remedies, Alka-Seltzer and One-A-Day Brand vitamin capsules. The histories of Elkhart and Miles are so intertwined that even the town newspaper, the Elkhart Truth, got its start as a medical journal promoting Miles products.

On the Rocks. A lot is happening around Miles these days—besides, that is, the tornado that barely missed the company on its way through Elkhart last week (see THE NATION). Once a narrowly based, family-owned business, Miles has transformed itself into an expansion-bent producer of more than 200 medical and pharmaceutical items, with 18 plants in the U.S. and abroad, sales in 101 countries. Last year it started new drug and chemical plants in France, Venezuela and Guatemala, bought up three new companies. Last week Miles announced that it will double the size (cost: \$6,000,000) of its Elkhart citric-acid plant, whose production has already made Miles Laboratories the second U.S. producer of citric acid (after Pfizer), with sales to the companies that make everything from baby formulas to salted nuts and frozen fish.

Miles is even bringing change to its basic product, Alka-Seltzer—an effervescent



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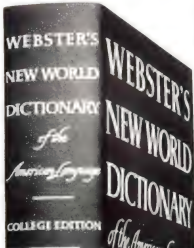
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Soothing Nupercainal concentrates on pain!
Prolonged relief of pain, burning and itching starts in minutes.

If you suffer from the misery of hemorrhoids, remember this about remedies you can buy for temporary relief. A leading "shrinking" preparation contains no anesthetic to relieve pain.

No wonder so many doctors recommend Nupercainal. Soothing Nupercainal relieves pain, itching, burning fast...gives prolonged relief...because it has over eight times more pain-killing power than the other most commonly-used topical anesthetic!

Nupercainal quickly puts raw nerve ends to sleep...thus puts pain to sleep. Lets you go about your business...relieved of the stabbing pain, burning and itching torment of hemorrhoids. Get Nupercainal Ointment today—handy applicator with each tube. Start to live again, in comfort!



vescent antacid compound of aspirin, bicarb of soda, citric acid and mono-calcium phosphate. It has added to its traditional blue-labeled bottle handy tinfoil packs of Alka-Seltzer that can fit into pocket or purse, is test-marketing ginger- and citrus-flavored versions of the tablet. To convince people that they do not have to drink a gallon of water with Alka-Seltzer, the company is also suggesting in its ads that they adopt the habit of downing Alka-Seltzer "on the rocks," with only a touch of water.

Stiff Tonic. Miles got started on all this activity as the result of a king-sized headache of its own. Founded in 1884 by Elkhart Physician Franklin Miles, who started off with a liquid sedative known as Dr. Miles' Nervine, Miles remained a small company until the early 1930s, when it brought out Alka-Seltzer. Though archrival Bromo-Seltzer had already been marketing an effervescent powder for years, Alka-Seltzer soon moved ahead to become a dyspeptic nation's favorite (it now outsells Bromo-Seltzer 4 to 1). After packaging powdered coffee and lemon mix for K-rations during World War II, Miles Laboratories became in the post-war years the world's largest seller of multivitamin tablets. Nonetheless, though prospering, the company itself showed a decided lack of pep by the mid-1950s.

Management Consultants Booz, Allen & Hamilton prescribed a stiff tonic: cut down on relatives in the management, diversify, set up separate divisions, expand overseas, sell stock to the public. Miles took the advice, lured outside talent into its executive ranks, acquired an enzyme and a dermatological firm, built four new foreign plants in four years, brought out several new products, including Chocks, a flavored, chewable vitamin for children, Booz. Allen predicted that Miles could thus double its sales and profits in ten years; Miles has actually done the trick far faster. Its sales have climbed from \$51.5 million in 1956 to \$118.5 million last year, and profits have nearly tripled, to \$6,900,000.

This strong performance is being pushed by a top command descended from the company's 19th century owners: Chairman Walter R. Beardsley, 59, who controls 20% of the firm, and President and Chief Executive Walter Ames Compton, 54, a Harvard-trained physician. A breeder of Chukar partridges, a leader in the fight to save the American chestnut tree, and a collector of Japanese swords, Oriental rugs and historical belts and whistles, Dr. Compton has few habits that require the frequent use of his chief product. That does not seem to bother him. He has strongly moved Miles into clinical testing devices and other profitable fields—and he also collects interesting facts. One fact in his collection: the world is consuming Alka-Seltzer at the rate of 56 million tablets a week.



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we like to talk business
where business is conducted.
In your office. Or ours.
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half our clients come
to see us.
(In one city,
it's 9 out of 10.)

At CG, we do things
a little differently, because
it's our idea to serve first.
To find out we mean
what we say, call a CG agent
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He'll be glad to talk
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Even over your coffee table.

Connecticut General





You'll wonder where the stoplights went

Sitting on top of a hill he helped build, the operator of a Clark-built tractor dozer observes a new link between the Illinois and Indiana toll roads. Six million cubic yards of dirt went into the elevated road-bed which will carry non-stop traffic smoothly past the Gary-Hammond industrial complex. Massive rubber-tire earthmovers from Clark Equipment (brand name MICHIGAN®)—dozers, scrapers, tractor shovels—moved a major portion of that six million yards. Clark's growth in the earth-moving industry is keeping pace with America's expanding highway system. Clark Equipment Company, Buchanan, Michigan.

WORLD BUSINESS

ITALY

The Yankee Marketeers

With all the glitter and glamour, it might have been the première of a new Fellini film. Row after row of limousines pulled up, cameras clicked on all sides, and the chic, smartly dressed guests sipped Scotch and martinis as they ogled a pop art exhibition that included plastic turkeys, fish, steaks and a display of Andy Warhol's stacked *Brillo Boxes*. There were roughly 500 lbs. of real food per person—and no wonder. The bash that brought out Rome's smart set last week was the opening of Italy's largest supermarket, a two-story, 33,000-sq.-ft. expanse within sight of St. Peter's that stocks 20,000 products and has everything from a lunch counter to a dress shop.

A Bit Ridiculous. The new store is the latest addition to a fast-growing, American-owned international supermarket chain called Minimax (for "minimum prices, maximum quality"). Minimax is devoted to the idea that the emerging consumer class in Europe and elsewhere strongly wants such Yankee selling innovations as self-service, the checkout counter, prepackaged and frozen foods, big stores and plenty of parking space—and it tries to give them what they want in each of its 19 stores. Sometimes the buyers are so eager for American goods that they act a bit ridiculous. Last week's shoppers at the new Minimax snatched up cat food whether or not they had cats (the store finally had to assign a clerk to explain that the food was for cats; said one Italian shopper: "Then I'll get a cat"), bought up huge quantities of Kraft's "Italian" salad dressing and ripe olives canned in the U.S.

Minimax has gone into Rome with two stores in the last six months, plans four more within two years, including

a 66,000-sq.-ft. circular supermarket that will be Europe's largest single food store. The largest store now is also owned by Minimax: its Pryca store in Madrid, which sells TV sets as well as T-bone steaks, also provides shoe repair and coin-operated laundry service. So successful is the store that the chain is already building three more stores in Madrid, two in Barcelona and one in Málaga.

The Minimax chain is owned by two American brothers, Ralph Brandon, 65, and David Brandon, 61, who first ventured into the supermarket business 20 years ago in Cuba after making a fortune there in textile mills and finance. Despite some skepticism that Latin men would never be seen pushing a grocery cart, their first supermarket in Havana was an immediate success, and soon the brothers Brandon owned a chain of 14 stores in Cuba. When Castro nationalized their stores in 1960, the Brandons started anew in Mexico, where they now own four stores and operate twelve others.

Looking North. Wherever they have turned, the Brandon brothers have made supermarketing look easy. Says Ralph Brandon: "We based our first decision to enter the business on the premise that people are alike all over the world. We weren't wrong then, and we still haven't been proved wrong." The Brandon brothers have been helped, of course, by their flair for promotional showmanship and their insistence that their stores mark prices low enough to ensure fast turnover (the new Rome store's expected gross this year: \$5,000,000). After only a year, Minimax is well on its way to becoming one of the largest retail food chains in Europe. The Brandon brothers plan eventually to spread north to the even more lucrative markets of France and West Germany.



DAVID & RALPH BRANDON HOLDING POP ART AT ROME OPENING
Cat food? "Then I'll get a cat."



SOVIET UNION

Boatmen on the Volga

Although its shores touch two oceans and twelve seas, the Soviet Union is practically a landlocked nation. It has too few ports, and those are too far from major population centers and too often on icebound waters. Peter the Great began building a network of canals to link the country's broad rivers, but so much of the network became obsolete that 80% of all the Soviet Union's freight is now carried by rail. The absence of suitable waterways has for centuries hampered Russia's struggle to increase its world trade.

This week Soviet shipping and trade enter what the Russians hope will be a new era. In the Iranian port of Naushahr, a 4,000-ton Soviet vessel will begin loading for a 4,300-mile voyage to Hamburg, Germany, over a new inland waterway that stretches from the Caspian Sea to the Baltic, ranks as one of the world's longest waterways. The route will cut the average shipping time from Iran to Germany from 50 to 25 days. It will slice 2,700 miles from the previous circuitous route, which took ships through the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, the Red Sea, the Arabian Sea and the Persian Gulf.

The Russians began improving their canal system before World War II, resumed work on it again in 1959. They have dredged rivers, built dozens of locks and reservoirs. The heart of the waterway is a 224-mile stretch in western Russia, where they replaced 39 antique locks with seven modern ones twice the size of those in the huge Volga-Don Canal, which hooks the whole system into the Black Sea. The system so far will take only shallow-draft ships, and the Russians insist that anyone who wants to ship over it do so in Russian or satellite ships. With powerful icebreakers they hope to keep traffic open even in winter.

Exuberant citizens of Moscow—

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which is 400 miles inland but tied into the waterway by a newly widened spur—are already touting their city as a major seaport. They have dubbed it "the Port of the Five Seas," because it is now tied up with the Baltic, the Black, White, Azov and Caspian.

WESTERN EUROPE

The Return of Bernie Cornfeld

Few salesmen leave their jobs just because the boss does not take their advice on company policy, but Bernard Cornfeld is no ordinary salesman. Nine years ago, he told his bosses at Manhattan's Investors Planning Corp., a mutual-fund sales firm, that they ought to expand overseas. The bosses said no; Cornfeld quit. He went overseas himself, set up a company that began by selling mutual-fund shares to G.I.s, has



CORNFELD (REAR) WATCHING PANAMA SALE

The sweetest sort of I-told-you-so.

since become the largest mutual-fund sales organization outside the U.S. Last week Cornfeld closed a nostalgic deal to get back into the U.S. mutual-fund field—by buying the company he once quit. Stockholders of Investors Planning (1964 sales: \$100 million), one of the nation's top ten fund sales firms, agreed to sell out to Cornfeld's Geneva-based Investors Overseas Services for just over \$2,000,000 in cash and stock.

Lavish Living. After its start at selling to G.I.s, Cornfeld's Investors Overseas soon spread out to sell to Europeans, has now expanded globally into more than 100 nations. Sales doubled annually from the start, but Investors Overseas really hit its stride in 1962 after Cornfeld launched what he calls the Fund of Funds, which is composed entirely of shares in 16 other mutual funds and management companies. By reinvesting its profits (\$1,600,000 last year), Investors Overseas has expanded far beyond mutual funds. It has acquired two life-insurance companies with policies of more than \$200 million in force, banks in Geneva, Nassau and Luxembourg with combined assets of \$21 million, a data-processing firm and

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ELMHURST, ILLINOIS

Write for Bulletin V P-20

other investment services for 80,000 clients from Amsterdam to Ankara. This complex is growing faster than ever. After reaching \$300 million for all of 1964, I.O.S. sales have shot up 91%—to \$106 million—just during the first quarter of 1965.

All this has nicely enriched life for Istanbul-born, Brooklyn-reared Bernie Cornfeld, a mild-mannered bachelor of 37 who does not look as if he would ever talk back to his boss. He drives a Lancia Flaminia convertible, sails a 42-ft. Corsair, owns a ski lodge and a castle in France and lives in a lavish villa in suburban Geneva with two Great Danes and a Chinese houseman. He decorates his penthouse office with red silk Empire furnishings and swarms of attractive, multilingual secretaries, trains and entertains his worldwide force of 2,000 salesmen with everything

from art lectures to cocktail parties in a 50-room lakeside mansion.

Bright & Young. Cornfeld keeps his empire growing by surrounding himself with bright young executives (average age: 36), who are attracted by stock options so lavish that 300 of his key people own 82% of Investors Overseas; Cornfeld's 18% interest has a book value of \$2,973,600. By introducing similar stock options to Investors Planning, Cornfeld expects to give the U.S. fund enough fresh thrust to expand it from a regional mid-Atlantic fund into a nationwide operation. Investors Planning will keep its name and its management, which is headed by Cornfeld's old boss, Walter Benedick, 67. Benedick is remarkably happy about the whole deal. "We weren't interested in just anyone taking over," he says. "Cornfeld grew up with our philosophy."

MILESTONES

Born. To Andy Williams, 34, TV's top-rated weekly crooner (*Moon River*), and Claudine Longet Williams, 24, his French-born wife: their second child, first son; in Burbank, Calif.

Married. Sylvie Vartan, 20, France's blonde, rock-'n'-rolling yé-yé-girl; and Johnny Hallyday (real name: Jean-Philippe Smet), 21, the Parisian Presley; in Loconville, near Paris.

Married. Thomas Schippers, 35, brilliant, boyishly handsome conductor of New York's Metropolitan Opera Co.; and Elaine Lane ("Nonie") Phipps, 26, socialite daughter of Palm Beach's former ten-goal-rated polo star, Michael Phipps; in Manhattan.

Married. Paul-Henri Spaak, 66, Belgium's outspoken Socialist Foreign Minister and former NATO Secretary-General; and Simone Rikkers Hottlet Dear, 56, an Antwerp-born divorcee and longtime friend; he for the second time (his first wife, an invalid for many years, died last August), she for the third; at Eze, on the French Riviera.

Died. David Edward Bright, 58, West Coast industrialist (community TV antennas) and philanthropist, who helped lead the fund drive for Los Angeles County's new \$12 million Museum of Art (TIME, April 2), while amassing a large and varied private collection (Picasso, Braque, Modigliani, Kandinsky, Moore); of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Manhattan.

Died. Sydney Chaplin, 80, Charlie's half-brother (his elder by four years) and former business manager, an actor in his own right, who appeared with Charlie in Mack Sennett's early Keystone Cops comedies, starred in the first of four film versions of *Charlie's Aunt* in 1925, ended his movie career in 1939

after assisting his brother in *The Great Dictator*, spending his remaining years in Switzerland and France; of heart and other ailments; in Nice.

Died. Nathalie Henderson Swan, 83, a lifelong humanitarian who as a debutante decided in 1901 "that privilege carried with it a responsibility to the community," together with Friend Mary Harriman (Averell's sister) founded New York's Junior League, nucleus of the highly social volunteer women's service organization that now boasts 89,700 members in the U.S., Canada and Mexico; of a heart ailment; in Boca Grande, Fla.

Died. Roger Sommer, 87, pioneer French aviator who in August 1909 kept his Farman biplane aloft for 2 hr. 27 min. to break Wilbur Wright's year-old endurance record, days later packed his young son aboard to make the world's first passenger flight, later retired from aviation to join his family's floor-covering business; of a heart attack; in Ste.-Maxime, near Marseille.

Died. Lieut. General Alfredo Guzzoni, 88, one of Italy's most decorated soldiers, who led Mussolini's troops to victory in Albania in 1939, directed *il Duce's* back-door attack on France in 1940, ignominiously ended his career in Sicily in the 1943 Allied invasion; of bronchial complications; in Rome.

Died. Dr. David Saville Muzzey, 94, historian and longtime (1923-40) Columbia University professor, whose *A History of Our Country*, first published in 1911, has remained the nation's most widely used (by more than 30 million students) high school history text, surviving repeated attempts to censure it by the D.A.R. and other groups, which claimed it was "pro-British"; of pneumonia; in Yonkers, N.Y.

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CINEMA

A Jew in Harlem

The Pawnbroker. In his murky, cluttered shop in Spanish Harlem's upper depths, Sol Nazerman sits behind a wire partition coldly doling out pittance to the people he calls "scum and rejects." Hopefully, they come to hook personal or stolen goods. They look to the old Jew for understanding, or even a fair price, and see the eyes of a man whose last links to life were cruelly severed decades ago in a Nazi concentration camp. Now he speaks of those days as if he were carving an epitaph: "Everything I loved was taken from me, and I didn't die."

This doggedly purposeful drama qualifies handsily as the grimmest movie of the year; yet the best of it burns into the mind. As the pawnbroker, Rod Steiger performs with tightly measured virtuosity. He is colorless, an inconspicuous blob hidden behind steel-rimmed glasses and a steel-wool mustache. To blot out a world full of past and present horrors, Sol listlessly endures an affair with his best friend's widow. He spurns the friendship of a sympathetic social worker (Geraldine Fitzgerald), slowly begins to soften toward his troubled young Puerto Rican assistant (Jaime Sánchez), then crushes the boy by telling him: "You are nothing to me." In the tragic aftermath of that rejection, Nazerman's dead soul is awakened at least a little.

Director Sidney Lumet brings the movie alive when his camera turns on Harlem's blighted streets, sopping up the juices of a slum that breeds thieves, spivs, prostitutes and all their prey. Then in flashbacks—some spliced subliminally into the narrative two or three frames at a time, others developed in excruciating detail—Lumet adroitly dramatizes the agony of memories. Sunning himself on a lawn in a bleak outpost of suburbia where he lives with relatives, Nazerman's mind melts back to an idyllic day in the old country with his wife



SÁNCHEZ & STEIGER IN "PAWNBROKER"
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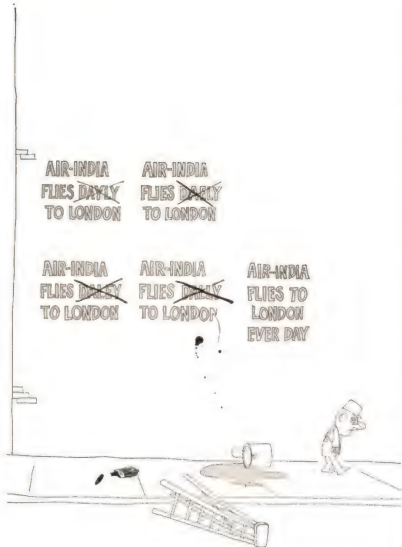
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and children. In a teeming subway, he suddenly sees the boxcar-prison where his son was trampled underfoot. In the pawnshop, when a Negro harlot strips to the waist, enticing him to pay double for a gold locket, the old man recalls how he was forced to watch his naked wife submitting to a Nazi.

Though *The Pawnbroker* is full of emotional shocks, it is seldom deeply moving. At times Lumet's style seems self-conscious and stagy, unable to distinguish brass from gold, with more clever camera work than the somber occasions warrant and too many theatrically glib vignettes. One jarring note is struck by a vicious black racketeer and brothel master (Brock Peters) who supports Nazerman's pawnshop as a front for his deals while basking in the luxury of an improbable white-on-white world adorned with white jackets, white walls, and a blond lover-boy.

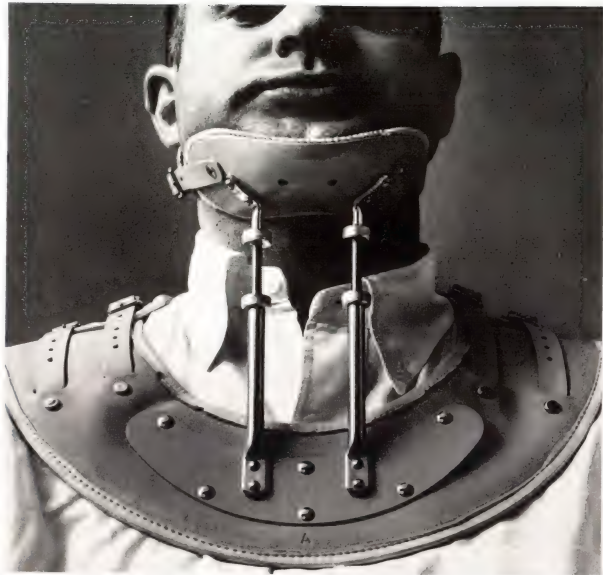
A more basic flaw of the film is evidenced in the climactic cry of anguish that sounds Sol Nazerman's re-entry into the human race but echoes mostly as a triumph for Actor Steiger. Saddled with dialogue better suited to a symbol, Steiger speaks it like a man, succeeding so well that the character incriminates himself. This misanthropic pawnbroker has suffered no more than millions of Jews; he is simply meaner in spirit, a wretched and pitiable case study wearing the tragic mask.

Hard Day's Knight

Bus Riley's *Back in Town* has already backfired: Movie Newcomer Michael Parks describes the vehicle as his "first mistake." If so, Parks makes the best of it. But the film itself abundantly fulfills the promise of mediocrity put forth even more forcefully by Playwright-Scenarist William Inge, who demanded that his name be deleted from the opening credits.

Still seeming oddly Inge-stained, *Bus Riley* tells of a sailor's return to a small Missouri town where his magnetic male presence delights his widowed mother, unnerves a maiden schoolteacher who boards with the family, and quickens the pulse of everyone he meets. Reluctant to resume his old job as an auto mechanic, Bus declines an apprenticeship with a homosexual undertaker and becomes a door-to-door peddler, sweeping bored housewives into his arms while whispering the praises of a new miracle cleaner. Next he lapses into adultery with his former steady (Ann-Margret), now married, of course, to "a wealthy older man." Since Ann-Margret's wriggly portrayal of a hick-town temptress requires orchestral accompaniment, their romance tends to slacken whenever the jukebox goes dead. Bus finally readjusts to civilian life by discovering that happiness is a rebuilt carburetor and his kid sister's chum Judy, sensitively played by Janet Margolin (of *David and Lisa*).

This trite melodrama has more good performances than good roles, and it is



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The search led into a bottle of brandy

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Two men spent ten months in the search for authentic and unpublished material. They followed leads furnished by correspondents on five continents. They visited forty museums and private collections, traveled some 30,000 miles in seven countries.

At a publishing house in Berlin, the elderly woman in charge agreed to open the files only after an hour of conversation over elderly brandy. The collection turned out to be one of the best in Europe.

The final pictures were selected from almost a million still photographs, miles of movie film and some 3,000 paintings and sketches.

It might have been done easier, but LIFE has a passion for the authentic pictures, the significant facts, the revelatory details. LIFE's readers expect and get an extra dimension in its coverage, no matter what the subject.

LIFE magazine is one of the enterprises through which Time Incorporated endeavors to bring information and understanding to people everywhere.

TIME / LIFE

COMPARATIVE YIELDS: TAX-FREE BONDS VERSUS TAXABLE SECURITIES									
The selected Net Taxable Income Brackets below are for individuals filing separate income tax returns. To determine the Net Taxable Income Bracket for a joint return, combine the taxable income of husband and wife and divide by two.		THESE YIELDS ON TAX-EXEMPT BONDS...							
		2.00	2.25	2.50	2.75	3.00	3.25	3.50	3.75
		%	%	%	%	%	%	%	%
... ARE EQUIVALENT TO THESE YIELDS ON FULLY-TAXABLE INVESTMENTS HELD BY AN INDIVIDUAL ...									
Net Taxable Income Bracket	Federal Income Tax Rate	3.28	3.69	4.10	4.51	4.92	5.33	5.74	6.15
\$14,000 to \$16,000	39.0%	3.64	4.09	4.55	5.00	5.45	5.91	6.36	6.82
18,000 to 20,000	45.0	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00	7.50
22,000 to 26,000	50.0	4.44	5.00	5.56	6.11	6.67	7.22	7.78	8.33
32,000 to 38,000	55.0	5.00	5.63	6.25	6.88	7.50	8.13	8.75	9.38
44,000 to 50,000	60.0	5.56	6.25	6.94	7.64	8.33	9.03	9.72	10.42
60,000 to 70,000	64.0	6.25	7.03	7.81	8.59	9.38	10.16	10.94	11.72
80,000 to 90,000	68.0	6.67	7.50	8.33	9.17	10.00	10.83	11.67	12.50
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PARKS & ANN-MARGRET IN "BUS RILEY"
Happiness is a rebuilt carburetor.

chiefly interesting for the appearance of Actor Parks, cast as Adam in John Huston's forthcoming *The Bible*. As Bus Riley, Parks will inevitably be compared to James Dean and Marlon Brando, but that need not discourage him. His own assurance, intensity, and hair-trigger temperament make even unoriginal sin worth watching.

For the Birds

Those Calloways, as depicted by Walt Disney's elfin helpers, demonstrate conclusively that not every rural New England community is a Peyton Place. These Calloways are wholesome folks, and their struggles to provide a sanctuary for migratory geese make the high-flying fancies of Disney's *Mary Poppins* seem quite worldly, if not downright cynical.

Up in Vermont, Ma Calloway (Vera Miles) yearns for "a house with real snap-on lights." Pa (Brian Keith) and Son Bucky (Brandon deWilde) seem content with a cabin in the pines, where their pet bear can hibernate under the floor boards. The menfolk only want to raise \$1,100 to buy a private lake where the geese can set down en route north or south, as the case may be. But a half-way house for geese is not a simple matter, not by a long shot.

It takes more than two hours for everything to work out perfectly. In the meantime, several geese are shot down, which means that some rich, heartless hunters have to be driven off. While Ed Wynn and Walter Brennan spew local color, Brandon deWilde survives hand-to-claw combat with a snarling wolverine, beats up the town bully, and finally notices that his childhood playmate (Linda Evans) seems different, somehow, now that she's 17. The bear exits and enters to signal the passing seasons. Fall or winter, though, *Those Calloways'* Vermont is effulgently photographed. Children of 10 or so will probably be delighted with it, unless they are off on some wild goose chase more challenging to young minds.

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Provocative Revisionist

THE ERA OF RECONSTRUCTION, 1865-1877 by Kenneth M. Stampp. 228 pages. Knopf. \$4.95.

History has registered the Reconstruction as a monument to the vindictiveness of victory. Prostrate in defeat, the South played helpless host to its Northern plunderers, who not only despoiled the land but turned its government over to newly emancipated and ignorant slaves. Ever since, the South has rested part of its case against the Negroes on the fallout from this great Northern mistake. If only the conquerors had been understanding—so goes the argument—if only they had let Southern leaders work out their own salvation and cure, then those very recent chapters called Little Rock and Montgomery and Selma might never have followed the Reconstruction into the history books.

Imminent Losers. In this reassessment of the period after Appomattox, Kenneth Stampp, professor of history at the University of California at Berkeley, calls the Southern version dead wrong. He is only one of dozens of contemporary historians who have recently undertaken to reconstruct the Reconstruction. Of these revisionists, Stampp is easily the most provocative. His proposition is that the imminent postwar South set to work at once to restore the very order that it had supposedly yielded in defeat. The idea was to negate the war's outcome.

In this cause, says Stampp, the North served as unwitting accomplice; Lincoln's assassination propelled Andrew Johnson into the White House, a kindhearted and derivative man anxious to implement Lincoln's injunction to let the South up easy. To staff the governments of the secessionist states, he granted wholesale pardons to Confederate officers and civil servants—and

such men did not waste time accepting the chance to preside.

They simply moved to install the status quo ante in all but name. Stampp charges. Before the U.S. Congress reconvened in December 1865, the so-called "Johnson" state governments "had introduced the whole pattern of disenfranchisement, discrimination and segregation into the postwar South." Suffrage was restricted to whites; no effective provision was made for Negro education. The new "Black Codes" severely limited Negro rights. Modeled on the prewar slave codes, they permitted Negroes to marry other Negroes (but not whites), granted them a nominal right to own property and in some states bound the former slaves to their farms and employers. In the words of Republican Carl Schurz, the Black Codes were "a striking embodiment of the idea that although the former owner has lost his individual right of property in the former slave, the blacks at large belong to the whites at large."

Bayonets, Gently Applied. In the U.S. Congress, a coalition of Radical and moderate Republicans repudiated the Johnson governments in the South. Down to secessionist territory streamed federal troops. The area was divided into five military districts, and Northern bayonets enforced the investment of Negroes with full citizenship.

This, after all, was what the Civil War had been fought for. And the Republican Radicals were quite within their rights in insisting on full Negro citizenship. Historian Stampp's premise is that the insistence was gently applied, despite the bayonets, and considering the fact that, after all, these were victors dealing with the vanquished. All that the North ever demanded, in fact, was full equality for the Negro South; and if the conquered white South had complied, the armed troops would have been withdrawn.



HISTORIAN STAMPP

The North was a willing dupe.

The conservative Johnsonians, and most historians since, have refused to concede that the Radicals were seriously concerned about the welfare of the Negro, and insist instead that the Radicals were seeking to enfranchise the Negro solely to maintain the Republicans in power.

It was true enough that the newly enfranchised Negroes, facing the practical choice "between a party that gave them civil and political rights and a party whose stock-in-trade was racist demagoguery," became loyal Republicans. Yet while the Negroes had influence in all the Southern Radical governments, they did not, in fact, control any of them. Negroes served in all the state legislatures, but they were in the majority only in South Carolina, and there only in the lower house.

Nor was Republican politicking down South pure cynicism by any means. After all, such Radical Republicans as Pennsylvania's Representative Thaddeus Stevens and Massachusetts' Senator



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Charles Sumner were the same ones who had been passionate prewar abolitionists. To suppose that they lost their ideals at Appomattox, writes Stamp, is absurd. "In fact, Radical Reconstruction ought to be viewed in part as the last great crusade of the 19th century romantic reformers." Other historians might boggle at calling the spiteful Stevens a romantic.

But whatever their motives, these postwar Republicans were the men whose "program included the granting of citizenship, civil rights, and the ballot to American Negroes." Their monuments are the 14th (due process and equal protection of the laws) and 15th (right to vote) Amendments, which heavily affected the North as well as the South and which perhaps could have been passed in no other era.

Faltering Will. Southern resistance to Negro equality took a form that would today be called guerrilla warfare: a network of secret cells, random terrorism, assassination, intensive propaganda, and armed irregular units able to melt into the population like Mao Tse-tung's celebrated fish. The resistance was successful—like all other guerrilla movements that have succeeded—only because of a faltering of will and a turning away from the struggle by the Federal Government.

The South's version of Reconstruction blames everything on those vengeful Yankees who rammed their triumph down rebel throats—and implies that until then the rebels were willing to acknowledge the inevitable price of defeat. Stamp's purpose is to expose this version as a falsehood that has graduated, over the years, into a Southern mystique. His book presents compelling arguments that Selma is the predictable heritage of a South that, though losing a war, at once conspired to evade the moral indemnity that was its toll.

Current & Various

BACK TO CHINA by Leslie Fiedler. 248 pages. Stein & Day, \$4.95.

Baro Finkelstone, the hero of Leslie Fiedler's latest novel, is a travesty of all the middle-aged Jewish liberals who ever lived in fiction. Pain is his pleasure. Having flagellated himself for Hiroshima, the plight of the Negro and the predicament of the American, he innocently demands: "Just tell me one thing I've done wrong." But in order to know that he is innocent, Finkelstone must suffer as though he were guilty, and Author Fiedler, who as a critic is the U.S.'s leading Freudian, cunningly assists his hero to find familiar occasions of guilt in the mythological murders of a father figure and a surrogate son. The father figure, an aged Japanese urologist, helps Finkelstone to discharge his guilt for what happened at Hiroshima by consenting to sterilize the silly schnook; the urologist's death is only casually connected with the affair, but Finkelstone greedily takes the blame for it. The

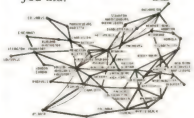
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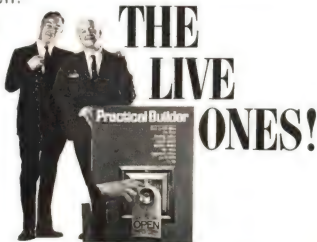
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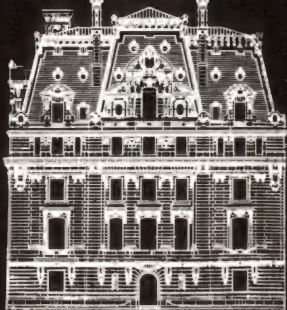
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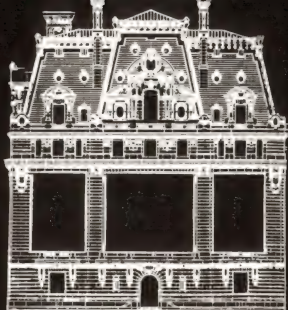
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surrogate son, a Sioux scholarship student turned beatnik, helps Finkelstone to engage in hallucinogenic mushroom-munching: the beatnik's death is only remotely related to the hero's spree, but Finkelstone thirstily accepts responsibility. The novel is grotesque and often unpleasant, but it is also funny and unexpectedly successful as the study of a converse Candide who believes that all is for the best in the worst of all possible selves.

THE NINE-TIGER MAN by Lesley Blanch
246 pages. Atheneum. \$4.50

In synopsis, this novel suggests just one more Yul Brynner movie. In detail, it is something quite different: a wildly funny satire. Brynner's part is taken by the Rao Jagnabhad, a glitteringly bejeweled, savagely personable hunter-princeling known as the Nine-Tiger Man. When the Sepoy Mutiny erupts in Delhi, the English dispatch their women to the Rao's palace, confident that they will be out of harm's way. The Rao briskly institutes a private mutiny of his own. He transforms the matrons into concubines, and the proper Victorians are soon fighting to embrace a fate worse than death. The romantic and violent 19th century is Author Lesley Blanch's special province. Painter, stage designer, film critic and



BLANCH

Fate worse than death is the hunter.

ex-wife of Novelist Romain Gary, she has written several skillful biographies of the period (*The Wilder Shores of Love*, *The Sabres of Paradise*). In this book, her first novel, she proves herself a comic writer with a range of wit that can make her readers grin, giggle, gasp, even explode into laughter.

CORONATION by José Donoso. 262 pages. Knopf. \$4.95.

Elisa Grey de Abalos, 94, widow of a prominent Chilean politician, is mad. The Santiago mansion over which she reigns is rotting. Her housekeepers get drunk. Her nursemaid turns thief, gets pregnant. And her only living relative, Grandson Don Andrés, 54, is a cultured celibate who has made a career of reading French history and collecting walking sticks. To top it off, Elisa has a vocabulary astonishingly rich in four-letter words and an imagination so diabolical that most of her maids flee in horror. For all her madness, though, the old girl has a no-nonsense way of getting at life's underlying absurdities. Her crude remarks on sex unleash in Bachelor Andrés a flood of feeling he never knew he had. Her chatter about death, "like raising the lid halfway on a multitude of potential horrors," brings him up short against a fact he cannot face, finally drives him insane too. In short, before she kicks off herself, Elisa gives what is left of her country's crumbling upper crust a well-placed foot in its foibles. Though Novelist Donoso, a Princeton-educated Chilean, attends the aristocracy's wake with almost gruesome glee, he seems a trifle wistful when the senile señora stops babbling and gives up the ghost. He should. She has, after all, put plenty of spunk into an old story.

AN AREA OF DARKNESS by V. S. Naipaul. 281 pages. Macmillan. \$5.95

"Indians defecate everywhere . . . beside the railway tracks . . . on the beaches . . . on the river banks . . . on the streets . . . on floors. . . . These squatting figures are never spoken of; they are never written about. The truth is that Indians do not see these squatters and might even, with complete sincerity, deny that they exist." Trinidad-born Novelist Naipaul, paying a first visit to the land of his Hindu grandfather, is determined not to avert his eyes from such sights, which tourists and the Indians themselves ignore or miss. He observes, "the ceremonial washing of the genitals in public before prayers." He ponders four sweepers whose ritual effort only nukes a hotel staircase dirtier than before. "They are not required to clean. That is a subsidiary part of their function, which is to be sweepers, degraded beings." In Gorakhpur his critical gaze falls on the bazaar: "The sweetshops are required to have glass cases; the cases accordingly stand, quite empty, next to the heaps of exposed sweets." Naipaul's candid view of India is attenuated, un-



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fortunately, by a slightly patronizing air. The squalid, unpleasant truths are trotted out for their shock value, and he never lets the reader forget that he is the author of five novels acclaimed by Western critics.

THE PRIME MINISTER'S DAUGHTER
 by Maurice Edelman. 246 pages. Random House. \$4.95

Homosexuals infiltrate Her Majesty's Exchequer. Heterosexual backbenchers make hay with the P.M.'s daughter. The P.M.'s wife drowns down with her husband's brother. Ruthless press lords sound scandal and reap circulation. Ministers waffle and ministries totter, but merry England somehow muddles through and the parliamentary wits go right on making parliamentary witticisms: "The only advantage of being in the Lords is that you lose your constituents." In this as in his previous novels (*Who Goes Home*, *The Minister*), Maurice Edelman, Member of Parliament for North Coventry, pretends to tell the reader what actually transpires in the murky corridors of power. Nothing if not partisan, Laborite Edelman has posed as a Tory Prime Minister. Most British readers seem convinced that his stuff comes straight from the lion's mouth—in recent months they have had a high old time trying to figure out Who's Who in his cast of characters. U.S. readers will mildly enjoy the transatlantic tattle.

NICE TRY by Thomas Baird. 280 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$4.95

Warhol soup cans vie for the ready money with old masters. Alfalfa tortures, born yesterday, successfully bid for art treasures against landed wealth. Rich plumbers dispossess the gentry on art-museum boards. Such propositions tickle Baird, an art insider, who deserted a gilt-framed career (New York's Frick Collection, Washington's National Gallery of Art) in favor of novel writing. Baird wields a deft brush to capture art's comic possibilities, but he wastes his brush strokes on a canvas of postage-stamp size.

FRED ALLEN'S LETTERS edited by Joe McCarthy. 359 pages. Doubleday. \$4.95

To anyone who can still remember the late Radio Comedian Fred Allen's dry wit, these letters will seem a disservice to Allen's ghost. To anyone who cannot, sorting through this epistolary mountain for the occasional glint of gold will seem hardly worth the effort. The nuggets are there all right: even in his casual correspondence, Fred Allen could not resist the comic muse, whether diagnosing his own health ("I find myself winded after raising my hat to a lady acquaintance") or commiserating with a toothless pal, who "has been living by sucking the butter off asparagus." Freelance Writer Joe McCarthy, who claims to have edited this collection, did no such thing.



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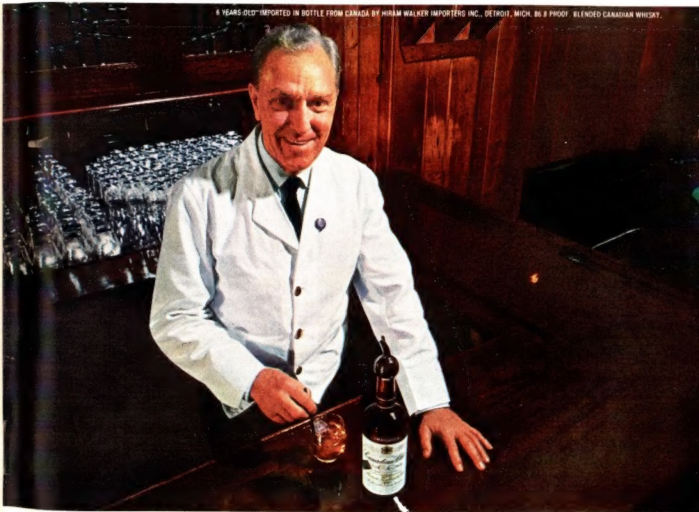
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